

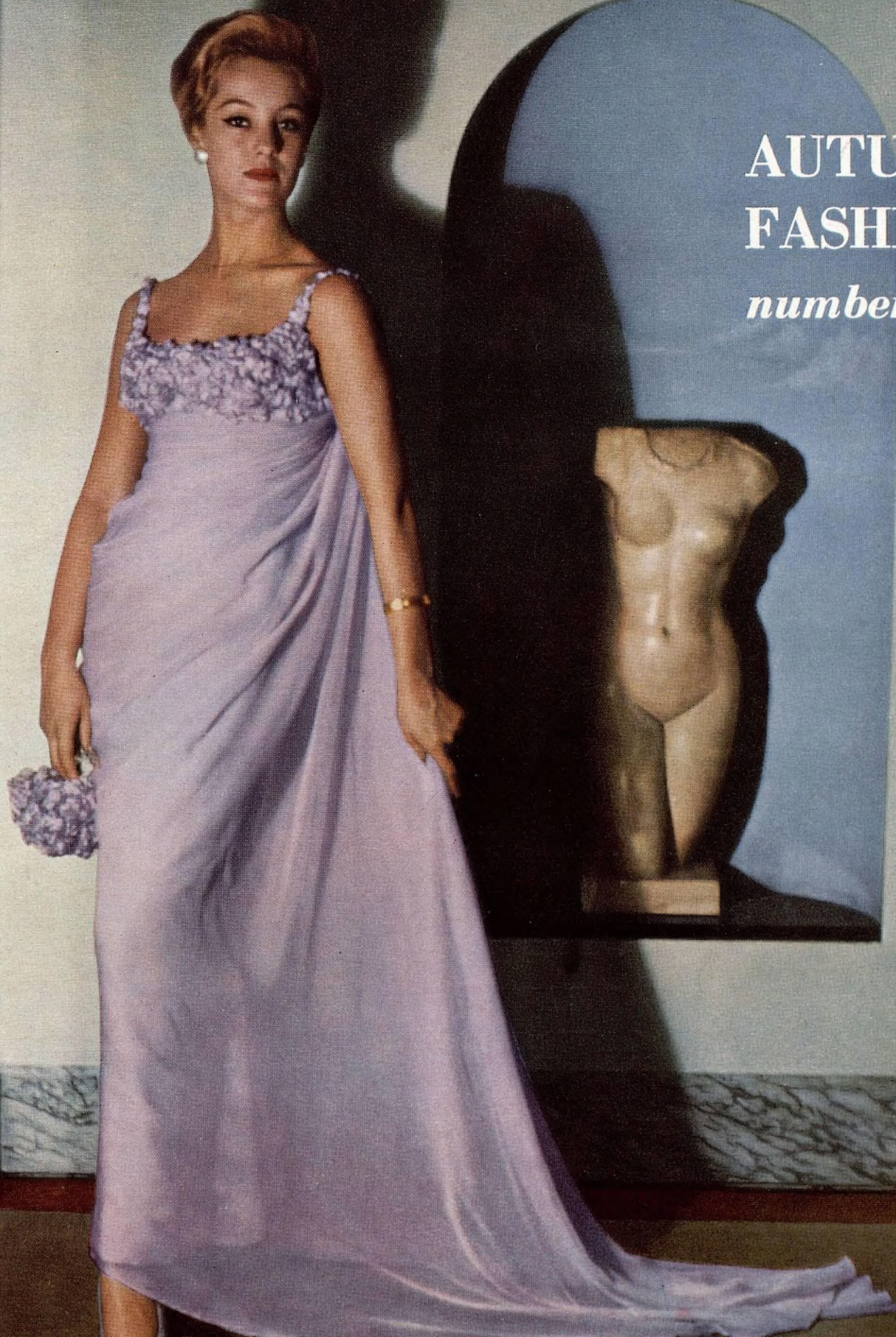
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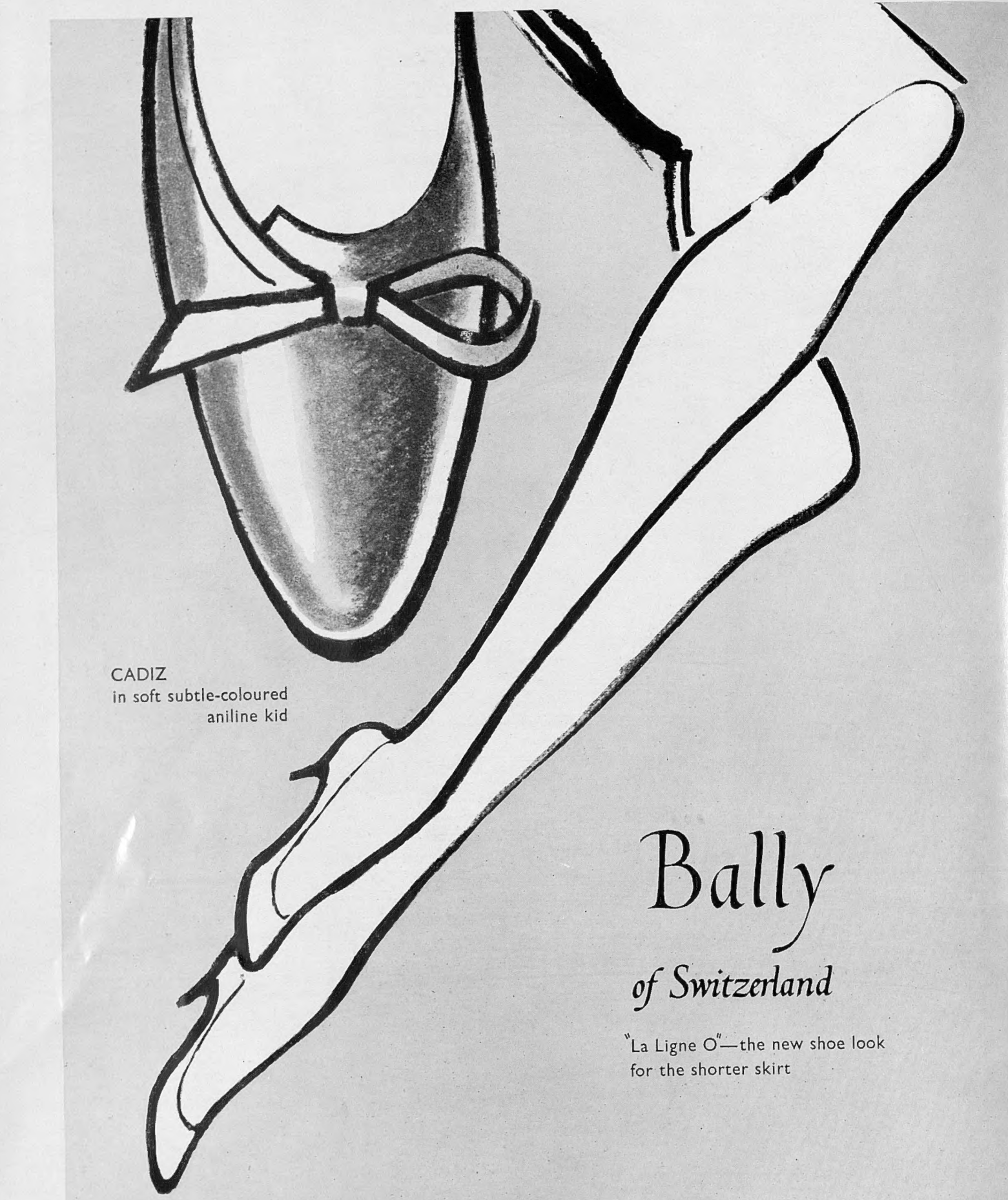
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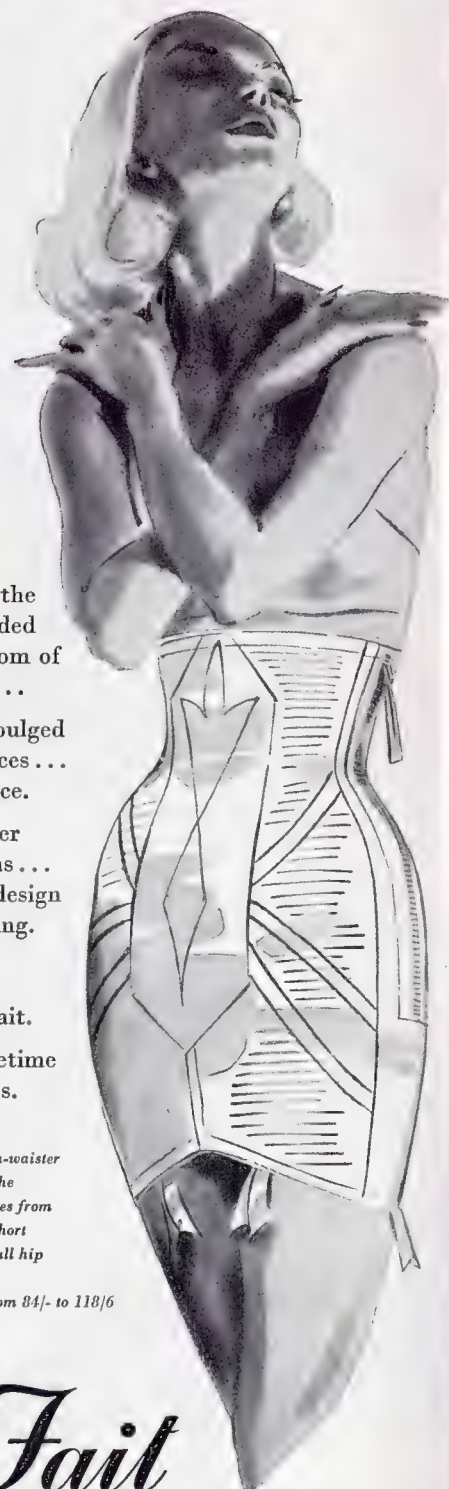
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"Time to dress for
dinner ALREADY?"



It's the new Alec Guinness film tonight
—better not be late for dinner. And
there may be dancing afterwards.
We've spent most of the day at the pool.
The Seabrooks gave a small cocktail
party before lunch. The two
albatrosses that have been convoying
us since Sunday are still alongside.
I've got an appointment for a
hair-do at 10.30 tomorrow.

The sun's tanning *me* and bleaching
my *hair*! Today I saw in the
wardrobe the tweed skirt I was
wearing when we came on board
at Southampton. Ugh! It made me
wince, it looked so hot and heavy. I'm
glad I've picked a husband whose
business keeps him on the move
between England and Africa.
This is the way to travel!

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WHERE to go...

Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

Parents strong-willed enough to influence their student offspring may wonder where to suggest for them to visit before the Michaelmas Term begins (Cambridge—7 October and Oxford—12 October). Perhaps one or more of the following would be beneficial outlets for their vacation money:

The Byzantine Exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum (1 October-9 November), for mental stimulus. The 2nd London Film Festival at the South Bank National Film Theatre (6 October-14 October), for visual stimulus. The A.A.A. athletics match against Finland at the White City Stadium (26/27 September), for all kinds of stimulus. And the Nottingham Goose Fair (2-4 October), for a thoroughly good time.

It must be a man with a pathological hatred of cats who could not be impressed by the feline competitors in the seal-, blue- and chocolate-pointed Siamese cat-and-kitten exhibition (7 October—

Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1). I am not wild about cats, but was tricked into attending the championship show last year. On the strength of one visit I strongly recommend this year's occasion to novices; for addicts it is naturally a "must."

There is a rather odd display of paintings in the Exhibition Suite of the Royal Festival Hall. I mentioned it last week but I should have made clear that it is open during concert opening hours only, and then only to holders of concert tickets. It appears that explanatory talks are necessary and these will be given at 7.10 p.m. on 30 September and 3, 8, 10 October.

The Leeds Centenary Musical Festival will be held from 11-18 October. Leeds is conveniently situated for exploring the Yorkshire dales and visiting such beautiful country mansions as Ridding Park (15 miles from Leeds) Bramham Park (10 miles) and Harewood House (eight miles), which is the home of the Princess Royal and of the Festival's director-general, the Earl of Harewood.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Massey's Chop House, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. "Brand-new ... revolving spit and charcoal grill. The wine list is extensive and prices kept to a minimum. Well-above-average meals."

The Bridge Hotel, Clayhithe, Cambs. "Anything from scampi to chicken. A long wine list. You can sit and fish from their garden and have your pint brought to the water's edge."

The Mandeville Hotel, Mandeville Place, off Wigmore Street. "One of the Washington group of hotels. The wine list is comprehensive and reasonable in price ... an Oyster Bar and three others ... a little too small to cope with lunch-time business crowds so book your table."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Expresso Bongo (Saville Theatre). "Makes precious few concessions to the popular notion of a British

musical. The authors—Mr. Wolf Mankowitz and adapters—make a neat job ... plenty of hard wit ... first-rate lyrics ... and Mr. Paul Scofield, making his first appearance on the light musical stage."

Breath of Spring (Duke of York's Theatre). "Pleasantly non-sensical relaxation ... inventive and genuinely funny parlour game of mixed-up old dears. Miss Athene Seyler and Mr. Michael Shepley star."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Goddess. "Mr. Paddy Chayefsky's disillusioning film ... He is a keen observer and makes this look like a daring piece of reporting rather than fiction. Miss Kim Stanley gives an unnerving performance."

The Bravados. "A chilling situation. The superb scenery, photographed in Eastman Colour, lends the film a beauty and magnificence. Directed by Mr. Henry King, and starring Messrs. Gregory Peck and Stephen Boyd."

WHAT to see



The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

V. L. CCXXIX. No. 2985

24 September 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



PERSONALITY

Artist in fashion

CLAUDE RIVIÈRE is a woman who designs clothes for women. Nearly always when the designer is a woman the product is a collection of pretty, utterly feminine clothes, and Mme. Riviére in her current Paris collection is obviously happy with the turn of fashion to the floating draperies of the First Empire. She likes to design for the young and chooses many pastel shades.

Though she is French she used to be a reporter on America's *Life* magazine, and speaks fluent idiomatic English. But journalism was only an interlude in her fashion career. She started with the well-known Paris milliner, Gilbert Orcel, and after leaving *Life* she opened her *salon* in the Faubourg St. Honoré. That was five years ago and she started with fashion accessories.

Today her *couture* house—while still small in comparison with many in Paris (she employs some 30 people against Dior's 1,500-odd) has nevertheless made its mark. Harrods opened a Claude Riviére Room in their London store in 1956. An example of her work is shown in colour opposite page 602.

Claude Riviére, an attractive sun-bronzed blonde in her mid-forties, married a glove-manufacturer, Lionel LeGrand, a couple of years ago. They live in a Paris apartment near the Etoile.

Apart from fashion, travelling is her all-consuming interest. She goes each year to America, and several times a year to London. Her only regret is the parting from her "ravissant caniche noir" (little black dog).

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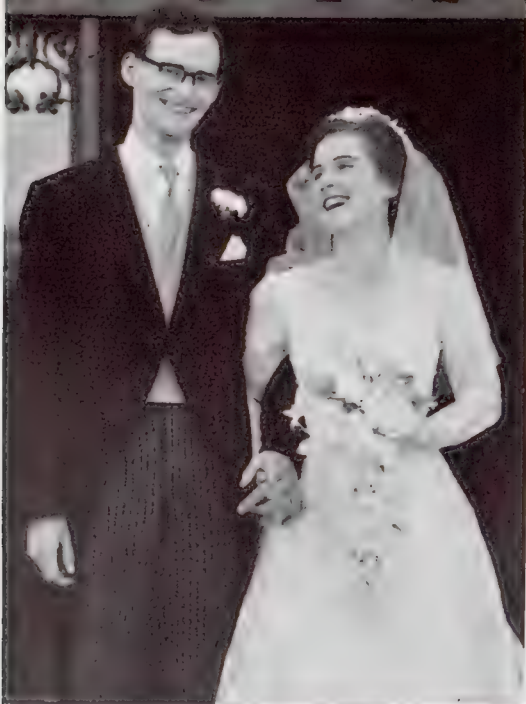
Weddings

Left: Fairbairn—Hill: Miss Susan Hill, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Dr. Charles Hill & Mrs. Hill, of Bury Knowle, Milton Road, Harpenden, married Mr. David Ritchie Fairbairn, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. F. Fairbairn, Curzon Avenue, Beaconsfield, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy

Below, left: Morse—Michell: Miss Catherine Sheilah Michell, elder daughter of the late Cdr. (E.) E. D. Michell, D.S.C., & Mrs. R. C. R. Cumming, Kensington Court, W.8, married Mr. Arthur David Morse, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Sydney Morse, Chedgrave Manor, Loddon, Norfolk, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Simpson—Gathorne-Hardy: Lady Juliet Gathorne-Hardy, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cranbrook, of Great Glemham House, Suffolk, married Mr. Charles Colin Simpson, son of Dr. & Mrs. Charles Simpson, of Seeleys Orchard, Beaconsfield, at Great Glemham Church



Pink—McAra: Miss Nancy McAra, daughter of the late Mr. T. B. McAra, & of Mrs. I. C. McAra, married Mr. Douglas John Montague Pink, younger son of the late Mr. & Mrs. Leonard M. Pink, Crab Apple Court, Leatherhead, at St. Peter's, Bournemouth

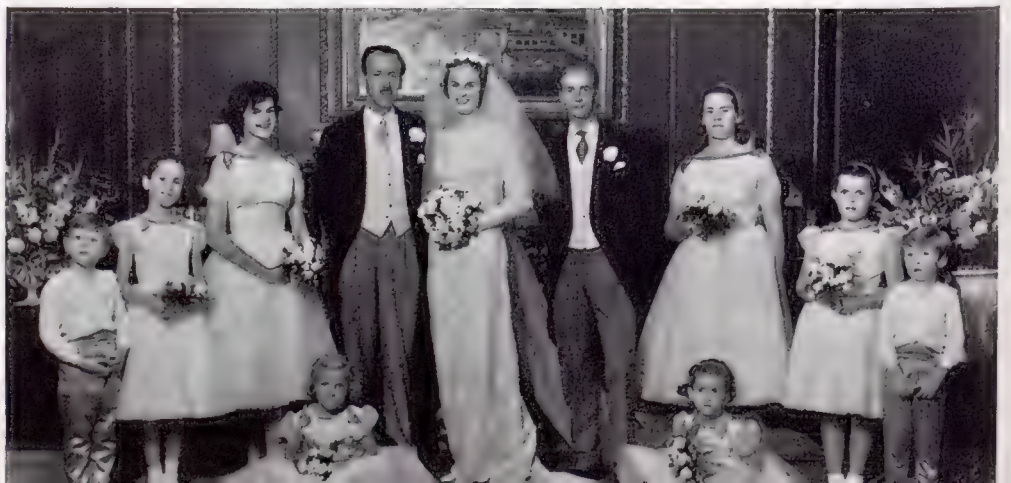


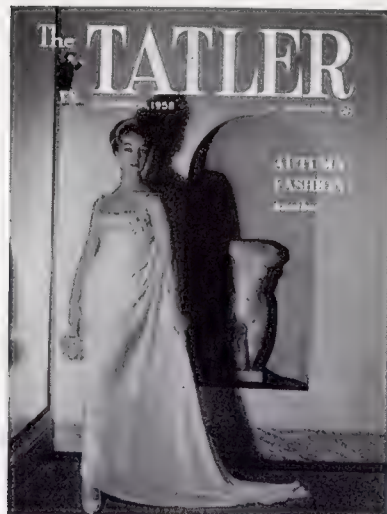
Halmshaw—Enever: Miss Diana Enever, daughter of Mr. W. B. Enever of Sydney, Australia, and of Mrs. Isla Halmshaw, Sheepbridge Court, Swallowfield, Berkshire, married Capt. John Halmshaw, son of the late Mr. J. Halmshaw, & Mrs. Halmshaw, of Barnsley, at Swallowfield Parish Church



Left: McCarthy—Thomas: Miss Patricia Noel Thomas, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. N. Thomas, Stockwood, Camberley, married Mr. Hugo Stuart d'Arcy McCarthy, son of Brig. C. D. McCarthy, Nassau, and Mrs. E. M. McCarthy, Bathford, Bath, at St. Paul's, Camberley

McEwen—Sandars: Miss Clare Rosemary Sandars, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Sandars, Gate Burton Hall, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, married Mr. James Napier McEwen, son of Sir John McEwen, Bt., & Lady McEwen, Marchmont, Berwickshire, at St. Thomas's Church, Gainsborough





THE AUTUMN LINE as interpreted by Balmain. This dress of his, in silk chiffon of parma violet, was one of the prettiest manifestations of the Empire style in the Paris collections. For further interpretations see **pages 602-11**. Other Autumn Fashion features: Maureen Williamson writes on "How to buy the genuine article ready-made" (**page 584**); Rome's leading model (**page 587**), Paris shoes (facing); Paris hats (**page 612**). Also: Yves St. Laurent in London (picture on **page 588**)

Folk-songsters taste fame

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: **Sydney Carter** describes the revival in folk-singing in a lively illustrated article. Also: **David Wolfers** presents another Portrait Painter of Today, with examples of his pictures. Monica Furlong continues her About-Town Diary



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ABOUT-TOWN DIARY

Should the Marquess switch on again?

by MONICA FURLONG

THE AUDIENCE cower together beneath the loaded skies like prisoners in front of a firing squad, a painful wind comes volleying up from the Thames screaming the abuse of a sadistic summer, and then suddenly it happens. There below is Henrietta Maria's palace, an exquisite china toy floating in a lavender puddle (picture above).

Nothing could be prettier to watch as spectrums of rose and lilac and saffron wash over the Inigo Jones' doll's house and its Wren bodyguard. Whether anything could be pleasanter to hear depends on whether you like your history warts and all or tarted up for tourist consumption. The Tudor monsters in particular are daintied almost beyond recognition and a swift scrutiny (to the accompaniment of stereophonic sound) shows them without a single tiresome religious conviction among the lot. Romance, you will gather, has been generously served. One almost expects the spectacle to be inscribed "Souvenir of Greenwich."

But if you have not yet seen it it's worth the trip for the novelty and for the genius of the two architects who have so obligingly co-operated. It finishes on October 11.

Mr. Ian Hunter who directed *Son et Lumiere* says that it first occurred to him when he was directing the Edinburgh Festival. It was only lack of Scottish abetting which prevented him doing it at Holyroodhouse. Short and handsome, an uncommon mixture of tycoon and aesthete, he says that what he likes about the show is that it makes people use their imagination.

"It's not like the cinema and television. You have to be intelligent to enjoy this."

The idea was initiated in 1952 by M. Paul Robert-Houdin, Conservateur of Chambord on the Loire, who first thought of it when he saw Chambord illumined by lightning during a thunderstorm. Now the idea is being copied in more than 30 great houses in France, and of course at the Palace of Versailles.

The first private English person to be inspired by this new French entertainment is the **Marquess of Hertford**, who saw it at Avignon on his honeymoon two years ago. He and his wife, the former **Louise de Caraman Chimay**, had already decided to



The Marquess & Marchioness of Hertford. "He first saw it on his honeymoon two years ago"

A. V. Swaenbo

Other People's Babies



MARK, one-year-old son of
Mr. & Mrs. Humphrey
Swire, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7



ALEXANDRA, six, daughter of
Major R. A. Rubens and Lady
Rosemary Rubens of Cornwall Gardens, S.W.

Tom Hustler

Dorothy Wilding



DEBORAH, 17 months, daughter of the Hon.
Kenneth & Mrs. Suenson-Taylor, The
Gate House, Kingston Hill. Her father
is Lord Grantchester's only son

Dorothy Wilding



THE HON. EMILY ASTOR, two, daughter of
Viscountess Astor, of St. Alban's
Grove, & Viscount Astor,
of Cliveden, Maidenhead

Fayer

restore his derelict family home, Ragley Hall, at Alcester, and they felt it would lend itself very well to *Son et Lumiere*. With the help of the Strand Electric Company they have put it on this year for the first time. The script, by Percy Corry, attempts only to tell the history of the house without dragging in historical events that have no connection with it. One particularly effective lighting stroke occurs when the narrator, Michael Redgrave, is describing the formation of the famous Ragley collection of paintings and furniture. Slowly all the main drawing-rooms are lit from within one by one, displaying their gorgeous colourings to the audience.

Quizzed as to whether *Son et Lumiere* is ever likely to become the rage among the great English houses as it has with the French Lord Hertford is doubtful. Though he has put his show on for a tiny fraction of the thousands poured out at Greenwich, he has found the audience depressingly small and attributes this to the reluctance of country people to stay out late at night. He is still debating whether to put the show on another year. The Ragley Hall spectacle continues until 27 September and is at 9 and 9.45 p.m.

I interview Peter Shaffer

"Can you tell me what Anouilh looks like?" asked Mr. Peter Shaffer. "Or O'Neill? Or Giraudoux? Of course you can't. Most good playwrights are colourless people, because they don't dissipate their energies being public personalities."

Mr. Shaffer has himself been hailed as a good playwright by a number of people since the production of his play *Five-Finger Exercise* at the Comedy Theatre, and it was interesting to see how far he fitted his own theory. He writes in an orderly room overlooking a feckless green garden in Kensington High Street. He is dark, compact, curly-haired, and something in his appearance makes one vaguely expect him to talk with an American accent. He has the rare English quality of seeming unclassifiable. He talks about himself with total objectivity,

exactly as if he were discussing a slightly dreary acquaintance, and often falls naturally into the third person:

"This man Shaffer. His life has been completely dull, you know. He's 32. Educated at St. Paul's. Exhibition to Cambridge . . . Trinity . . . Modern History Tripos. Interrupted by war service as a Bevin boy—journalists like that bit, I don't quite know why. Then went to America for three years, to the Acquisitions Department of the New York Public Library. Came home and worked for the Public Relations Department of Boosey & Hawkes and decided to give that up and concentrate on writing."

His writing has included several detective stories written with his twin brother Anthony (they now prefer to forget about these) and a successful play on ITV *The Salt Land*. With experience of writing for both ITV and BBC he has not the slightest doubt that he prefers writing for the theatre.

"They told me, you know, that my audience-potential on television was extremely high. Some inconceivable number of people that would have filled a theatre every night for . . . I think it was 28 years. But the mind simply can't grasp what that means. I would much rather watch the reaction of a theatre audience."

Negotiations are going on now for the production of his new play *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, which is about the fall of the Inca Empire.

"I shall be pleased if it comes off," he remarks coolly, in the humdrum tones of a model playwright. "It would be nice."

I meet gay crusader

It would take a blasé eye not to enjoy the National Rose Society Show at Westminster. Even if one prefers people to plants there is the fascinating conversation of the rapt, dowdy crowds who put horticulture before *haute couture*. When one tires of that there are some intriguing stands where one can order things like dogs' tombstones (2½d. a letter—too bad if he's called Montmorency),

[Continued on page 580]

TENNIS:

Juniors at Wimbledon



Desmond O'Neill

Top: Miss A. S. Kirwan, of Buckinghamshire. She partnered Miss Tuckey in a doubles match

Below: Miss Tuppy Anstey, Devon junior champion, with Miss C. Rosser and Miss B. Nicholson

Top: Capt. Sir Leonard Vavasour. He was the honorary referee of the championships

Below: Robert Wakeley (the Shropshire junior and senior singles champion) with Thomas Sandor

GOLF: *Family foursomes at Burhill*



Desmond O'Neill

Mrs. H. Coysh of Burhill G.C. She was partnered by A. B. Simmonds

Capt. I. T. Rees, R.N. (ret'd.), with his assistant, Miss Primrose Outred

The Hon. Mrs. Denison-Pender and her son, Michael

Mrs. J. Comer and her son, Mr. D. D. S. Comer

Continued from page 578

and plaques with garden poetry inscribed on them. And the hundreds of blooms make the drab Horticultural Halls smell like a well-appointed harem.

The huge rose heads in the amateur section spiked into damp mossy beds take on a rich personality of their own. There is poor wishy-washy Dorothy Anderson looking as if she suffers from chronic catarrh, Karl Herbst handsome in a corsetted Prussian manner, Montezuma charming and corrupt. Gay Crusader in two saucy colours is the romantic terror of two Continents. Peace—endearingly spelt *Piece* on one of the amateur cards—is a slightly equivocal flower and has obviously never been quite itself again since Miss Sackville-West publicly called it “vulgar.”

The fascination of the amateur section—the sense of lovely miracles being achieved out of spare time and back gardens and pocket-money—deserts the professionals. Their profusion of flowers all coloured exactly alike seems somehow tawdry and embarrassing and it is difficult not to nourish base suspicions that the whole unnatural spectacle has been done with wax and crêpe paper.

I ‘do’ a first night

Flashlights, furs, chiffon sacks, overpowering odours of Worth and Chanel and Letheric, star-hungry crowds gaping on the pavement and suddenly one had reached the stalls on *Auntie Mame*’s first night. “Rather fun, the crowds,” said Mr. Cecil Madden who was there with his daughter Mardie—and in the slightly self-conscious fashion of first nights, fun it certainly was. Douglas Fairbanks, beautifully tanned and with a pink carnation in his button-hole, inched his way through the crowd and said he had enormously enjoyed Rosalind Russell’s performance in New York and could hardly wait to see Bea Lillie here. Margot Fonteyn arrived, elegant as some rare and beautiful bird in a white dress with black spots and was followed by Mr. & Mrs. Michael Wilding and Mr. Burt Lancaster.

“Look,” said someone, “there’s Clare Eveline, the famous star of *The Merry Widow*.”

By the interval everyone was tapping off their impressions of the play. Mary Malcolm



PARTY

The first anniversary of the Aga Khan’s succession was celebrated with a party at the Savoy. Left: Prince Amyn (the Aga’s brother), Princess Joan (his mother), Prince and Princess Sadruddin (his aunt and uncle). Right: the Aga Khan (centre) with the Begum Aga Khan and the Colonial Secretary

(Lady Bartlett) was frankly confused: “I’m... how does the song put it... bewitched, bothered and bewildered.”

Yvonne Mitchell was there with husband, critic Derek Monsey. “It’s the first time I’ve ever seen Bea Lillie and I thought somehow she’d be more acid, more satirical,” she said.

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Sutro, London’s most famous first-nighters, were enjoying themselves, but dubious about the “deep South” accents of the cast in one scene. Mr. Sutro was fresh from Edinburgh and Stratford and said that he had once left a ship at Panama in order to get back to London quickly for a first night.

Had they ever been unable to sit through the whole of a first night? “I’ve only once walked out of a play,” said Mr. Sutro, “and nobody has ever persuaded me to say which it was. But it was a very long time ago.”

I learn about vampires

Hammer films are quite my favourite merchants of horror and I went to visit them at their studios in the chic, Vicarious village of Bray in Berkshire. They inhabit an Edwardian country mansion on green lawns which step delicately down into the Thames. Dracula’s castle can be seen on the skyline half a mile away like a huge vanilla blanc-mange turned out of an ingenious mould. The place was over-run with extras dressed as Arabs and the directors were oddly shooting the night scenes of a comedy under a broad noon-day sun. Horror was enjoying a caesura between “The Revenge of Frankenstein” and “The Hound of the Baskervilles.”

Hammer take their horror in perfect earnestness and their producer Anthony Hinds will launch into a long technical discussion on the habits of vampires at the slightest provocation.

“I don’t want to boast, you know, but ‘Dracula’ is the standard work—the complete exposé of vampires. You know that there are vampires around of course? Little clubs off the Bayswater Road? Oh yes, it goes on all the time.”

In this milieu of supernatural devilment

it was interesting to hear that smash-and-grab raiders had broken into the studios only the week before and stolen £2,000 in wages. Curiously though, nobody seemed to suspect that the vampires might be hitting back.

I try to be tidy

We Londoners pride ourselves on our dirty habits. That pretty silver toffee-paper, that aesthetic bag the sausages were wrapped in, that ravishingly beautiful cigarette-packet, all smile up at us like exotic blooms from the pavements and gutters. Or at least they used to. For suddenly the terrible danger of being fined £10 has stopped us scattering the good seed on the streets. But the lawmakers have reckoned without London Transport. Have you tried tossing one of those new ticket paper-chains into one of the tiny bus waste-paper containers? That it is almost beyond human ability is proved by the trail of rubbish which tracks every starting bus. I wish I could introduce Mr. Rupert Speir (the M.P. behind the litter law) to London Transport’s Sir John Elliot.



Beatrice Lillie in her dressing-room after the first night of “Auntie Mame.” More pictures on pages 594-595





Capt. C. Boyd-Rochfort. *Alcide* was the sixth St. Leger winner he trained

Alcide, ridden by W. H. Carr, is led into the unsaddling enclosure by Mr. Bruce Hobbs, the trainer's assistant

A great day for the de Traffords

*Sir Humphrey's horse
wins the St. Leger*



The four daughters of Sir Humphrey de Trafford: Mrs. Max Aitken, Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, Mrs. D. Parker-Bowles and Mrs. J. Bowes-Lyon



Sir Humphrey de Trafford (right) is congratulated on his first classic win. He is a member and past-Steward of the Jockey Club, and also a member of the National Hunt Committee



Desmond O'Neill

Lady Humphrey de Trafford and the Dowager Viscountess Galway. She lives at Serlby Hall, Bawtry, in Yorkshire



Mrs. R. Hoare, wife of the M.F.H. of the Cottesmore Hunt, Mr. James Cecil, and his mother, Mrs. C. Boyd-Rochfort



Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Carr after the racing. He was the jockey who rode Alcide

Mr. Tom Pascoe with the Hon. Mrs. K. S. Richardson and her husband (the Richardsons entered their Porsche in the Sports-Car event)

Bugatti Owners run a hill climb

AT PRESCOTT, CHELT.

Photographs by
Van Hallan



Mrs. J. L. Lemon Burton, Miss A. Blomfield, Mr. R. M. Blomfield (a scrutineer) and Mr. J. L. Lemon Burton (he is a vice-president of the Bugatti Owners' Club)



Mr. Peter Blexley, Mr. Tony Mitchell (his car is a 500 c.c. Trevillick) and Miss Susan Godrich. Mr. Mitchell comes from Birmingham



Miss Clare Halahan, of the Chiddingfold P.C. She competed in the Associates' championship section



Mrs. Horace W. Baggott, wife of a Worcester company director, with her daughter Miss Susan Baggott



Col. the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, chairman of the Pony Club, and Lady Slade (she is an official of the Taunton Vale P.C.)



Mr. Frank Wall in his 1931 Bugatti Type 51, with his mechanic Miss Audrey Pepper



The Hon. Patrick Lindsay (his father is Earl of Crawford and Balcarres). He drove his 1931 Alfa-Romeo in the Sports-Car event



Sir Clive Edwards, Bt., driving his Cooper-Bristol. He comes from Bicester

The Pony Club holds its championships

AT TETBURY, GLOS

Photographs by
Desmond O'Neill

Miss Jenny Bullen (she is a member of the Cattistock Hunt branch of the Pony Club) and Mr. Anthony Lowsley-Williams, of Salisbury, S. Rhodesia

The Duchess of Beaufort presented the trophy for the Team Championship to Miss Celia Ross-Taylor of The Staff College & Sandhurst P.C. team



Mr. William Wilder, son of Major J. G. Wilder, Mr. Simon Jenkins and Miss Celia Jenkins, and Mr. James Forbes



The Hon. Mrs. Duncan Campbell and Mrs. G. Bishop (her husband was chief steward of the championships)



Miss Juliet Jobling-Purser, of the Ward Union Staghounds P.C., on Bonny. She came second in the show-jumping

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This page (first picture): Balenciaga's cape in a black-and-white fleck tweed, worn over a sack dress (centre) of the same tweed. Third picture: Givenchy's dress of fine black wool has a stole-jacket which ties in a bow at the back, removes to show a sleeveless dress with a deep décolleté. Opposite (in colour): Claude Rivière's dress, in pale-blue and pink tulle, is available at Harrod's, Knightsbridge, copied to special order (40 gns.)

Just what is the line? Have skirts really gone down? How authentic are British versions?

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED
BY MAUREEN WILLIAMSON
FASHION EDITOR OF THE TATLER

PHOTOGRAPHS: COLOUR BY MICHEL MOLINARE
HALF-TONE BY ALFREDO DE MOELLI

MY EYES wandered around the austere grey-painted salon. Unlike the magnificent House of Dior there were no scintillating chandeliers, no flowers, no ornamentation. The air, contrary to general custom, bore no trace of perfume. It was, indeed, almost monastic. Perched on the uncomfortable upright seats were women sporting half-inch diamonds choosing their autumn wardrobes, and others in costume jewellery choosing yours—for a year ahead. At this, the House of Balenciaga, the private clients receive free invitations; the buyers pay £1,000 a time for theirs. For this sum they have the privilege of buying two *toiles* and committing to memory details of the remaining 150-odd models in the collection.

Time is all-important to the wholesale dress-manufacturer. He breaks his neck to see that you are able to buy the latest Paris fashions in as short a time as possible after they are shown in Paris. Why then can Balenciaga command such a high entrance fee, when most of the Paris couture houses charge only about £250 and show their collections to the press a month before he will deign to do so? Because today Balenciaga is the arbiter of world fashion. He can afford to play hard to get, for as he is always in the *avant garde* of fashion it is imperative for any high-fashion house (which must of necessity plan for at least a year ahead) to know what he is up to.

Despite hasty headlines in the British press a few weeks ago shrieking that the House of Dior had dropped the hemline, the buyers were not impressed. "What," they demanded, "is Balenciaga going to do?" Balenciaga kept the skirt as short as ever—and there in London, Rome and New York it stays.

To create a drastic change in line needs the authority and experience of a great designer who has a tried and respected reputation behind him. "This gimmick of a 22-year-old boy

FASHION ANSWERS

continued from page vii

That it's possible to produce the latest lines of *couture* fashion at prices we can all afford has been proved by clever Mrs. Zelker of Polly Peck. It needs brains, a tremendous business organization, and the ability to choose styles that require a minimum of cloth and then use the best available. To produce dresses that are the last excited gasp of fashion and still sell on the average at £8 requires a rigid counting of the shillings and pence. Mrs. Zelker starts her economies by spending her money at the Italian rather than the French collections.

"You can get into the whole lot for a down payment of £200 in Italy, whereas in Paris you pay at least that for a single House. Of course I do Dior and Maggy Rouff there, as I specialize in so many young styles. For the rest I can get all I want from the Italian Houses, especially Simonetta and Capucci. It means I save anything up to six or seven thousand a year, which I can put back into my dresses. I buy the best materials I can, choosing sophisticated little numbers which, thank goodness, at the moment don't need much yardage."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Flicking through the society papers and the gossip columns I have seen many a famous face smiling atop a Polly Peck dress. There was one little sack—yes a sack, and a very pretty one—that sold 3,000 times, and another that appeared in five editions in the crush bar at Covent Garden on one night!

My advice to readers who are plunged into understandable confusion over the conflicting reports of what is today's fashion is this. Study the good fashion magazines, follow their selection of the ready-made clothes on sale in our shops which have been made by our top wholesale houses.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent in the effort to keep you in the forefront of fashion by our leading manufacturers. Only by insisting on getting their translations of international *Haute Couture* can you be sure of an honest interpretation of what is the fashion of today.



K

TOP
MODELTHE GIRL WHO
REIGNS IN ROME

Lili Cerasoli is the name. Since Elsa Martinelli took to Hollywood and marriage, Lili is probably Rome's leading model. She has appeared in films and TV herself, but modelling is what she prefers. And she doesn't mind what she models for—*haute couture* one day, toothpaste the next. In these pictures, she is barefoot and her hair is untidy—but there is still no mistaking the model look



Federico Petellani



ACCLAIM HARRIET COHEN (*left*), the pianist, is to receive the Royal Finlandia Medal of the Order of the Finnish Lion shortly. The award is for services to Finnish music. Miss Cohen has performed in Finland and was a friend of the composer Sibelius



NEWS

ADVANCE MRS. ALISON MUNRO (*below*) will be Britain's principal negotiator on airline rights. She is a new Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Transport & Civil Aviation. Widow of a wartime pilot and mother of Alan, nearly 17 (who has just got his first glider certificate), she has long been interested in flying

Alan Vines



PROJECT YVES ST. LAURENT (*right*), Dior's successor, with the Duchess of Marlborough in London. He came over to discuss plans for presenting his winter collection at her home, Blenheim Palace. This is scheduled for November to aid the British Red Cross

PORTRAITS

PREMIERE T. S. ELIOT (*below*) at home with his wife. His much-discussed play *The Elder Statesman* will have its London première tomorrow, following its successful run at the Edinburgh Festival. In this picture the playwright displays some of the mellowness that critics seem to have detected in the play



Alan Vines



So glad I shan't be going back!



Does the return to boarding school
for the winter term, now beginning,
affect you like this, too?

by DOONE BEAL

THIS IS THE season of Back to School. A time of year when you can't go through Paddington, Euston or Waterloo stations without seeing a straggle of behatted, dark-stockinged little girls, dwarfed by enormous trunks and slung with hockey sticks, saying goodbye to their Mums for another three months' stint of fine, citizen-building education. Not that they need my emotional, if distant, sympathy. Today's tots seem to adore school. Every parent says so—torn between relief and hurt pride at the admission. Children have come to associate school with *fun*, but I still can't see them going off there without a pang of remembrance, quite the wrong side of nostalgia, for the children of my own generation.

There are approximately 120 girls' boarding schools in this country. For some esoteric reason they all seem, according to the school directories, to be pitched on gravel soil. Most of the better ones face south.

I attended several of these establishments—the number being occasioned partly by the war, and partly by my own intractability to their brand of discipline. Although the last unkind portals closed behind me some years ago, I still have nightmares (which, no doubt, would tell All to a psychiatrist) about school.

Graphically I remember the basin-and-jug, the iron railings and cubicle curtains, the board-like beds in the dormitory, sprinting

round the hockey pitch in the bitter cold before a 7.30 breakfast, the order marks, the dreaded Conduct Book, the sendings to bed.

We were not, of course, allowed make-up, but I remember having had confiscated from me a bottle of calamine lotion. Its label bore in small print, bottom right hand corner, the message: "May be used as a powder base." I was a vain child, and the only alternative to the calamine lotion was a doctor's letter stating that if I ate porridge I should come out in a rash. But it took an expensive session with a child psychologist during the holidays before I was allowed to give up maths.

Sweets were approved, but only on Sundays, when four ounces each were doled out and withdrawn during the letter writing period. It was really the fact of their being taken away again that did the damage. It bred in me a sybaritic tendency which I have never entirely lost. "You never know, it might not be there tomorrow," I've said to myself ever since.

Letter writing itself was an occasion. Some future public relations officer used to write on the blackboard a "news list" to jog our memories about the cinematograph show, the lantern lecture, and other small items that might remind our parents how 80 guineas a term were being spent. It may have been well-intended, but for me the motive was always suspect.



THE AUTHOR, married to a film producer, is a journalist addicted to good food and travel

Girls' public schools set no less store by the virtues of the playing fields than do their male counterparts. There was cricket in the summer term (shame on me, I dropped, like a hot brick, the only ball I ever fielded); hockey in the Christmas term, which threatened one's ankles; and lacrosse in the Lent term which, less reparably, imperilled one's front teeth. I always had to play back or its equivalent, since I was a big girl, but not sufficiently reliable for goal. One day the games mistress caught me lolling against the post, talking to the goal-keeper (I've always preferred conversation to sport). "Where," she demanded in a voice I can still hear, "have you been *dragged* up?"

Being made to read set books for detention pieces was enough to turn out an illiterate who never opened another, but this was more than outweighed by the censorship of one's other reading matter. The favourite banned literature in my day was *Gone With The Wind* (whipped away from me by the house mistress, with shocked remonstrances). No doubt (*where the same rules apply*), it has been replaced by *The Naked And The Dead*, and *From Here To Eternity*.

I've never dared reinvestigate any of my own former schools, but I am told it's all different now. I was talking recently to Miss

BRIGGS by Graham



The dinner spectacle for London

An attempt to bring the flavour of the Paris Bal Tabarin to London's West End is being made with the Talk of the Town—a theatre-restaurant in the converted premises of the London Hippodrome. This was the scene on opening night



Dorice Stainer (sister of the late Leslie Howard), who runs an enlightened establishment at Hurst Lodge, Ascot, complete with bright pastel-painted dormitories and beds that are bouncy to the touch. I could hardly believe this was a headmistress talking when she told me :

"Children should be brought up with some comfort and brightness, and taught to care for pretty surroundings. And as for food—lots of eggs and meat and salads, with as little starch as possible : Think of their figures !"

After that I was hardly surprised to hear that ballet is taught instead of gymnastics, drama instead of elocution, and that the only games played are tennis and netball. Miss Stainer has an endearing appreciation of human vanity. She told me that there is no school uniform at Hurst Lodge, because —"Girls must take pride in their appearance and grow up to *behave* like beauties. They learn how to dress and what suits them from each other—and they cannot learn too soon."

Still, I reckon that the old system gave us one advantage over the well fed, soft-sleeping generation. Our schools set a standard of comfort, board and bed beside which anything in later years is easy living. I've never found a boss tougher than my Latin mistress, nor working colleagues anything like so nasty as the raw little gym-tunicked girls of whom I was one.

Contrast can be exquisite, and I think I'd almost trade civilized schooling for the liberated ecstasy of leaving the other kind behind—for good.

NEXT WEEK:

Henry Cecil

author of *Brief To Counsel*



Never be clever with your hands

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

Drop that spanner,
Joanna,
And attend.

It's not the faintest use you trying to mend

The electric floor-polisher, because you are, after all, only a woman, and unversed in such things, poor sweet,

Whereas any damn-fool male could diagnose at once that the gudgeon thrust suppressor and the master compensating flange don't meet.

No, I haven't done this for ages, but the old skill still lingers—

I can feel the metal doing magic things under my fingers . . .

Oops! Those were ball-bearings, dear, and some have gone under the sofa, and some into the fireplace, and some right outside into the hall as well.

Be a darling and retrieve, would you—there should be eleven or possibly fifteen; one can't really tell.

But of course they're covered in oil, silly—it won't stain much.

Now just stop fussing, keep out of the way, and don't touch!

Ugh! Might have known it would be live—in which case we'll short-circuit these two, and . . . zzzzzack!

Everything seems to have gone all black.

Charming smell of burnt rubber.

Well, frankly, if you still want to polish the floor, you'd better get down on your aged knees and scrub 'er—

I can't say I didn't suspect it might happen, but in these fairly simple cases it's always worth a try.

What are you doing—I don't like the look in your eye . . .

Drop that spanner,
Joanna!



BY OLWEN
LAWTON



*Cockfighting is
the passion
of the Canaries
—along with a
form of wrestling
and the ubiquitous
soccer*

The isles where the bullfight ranks last

HIGHLY COLOURED postcards of matadors, well sprinkled with glitter, are still strung up outside the Spanish bazaars of Las Palmas and Santa Cruz. But—they are designed solely for the tourist. The real national heroes in the Canary Islands these days are the footballers, basque-ball players and wrestlers, and, as a quieter sideline for father and son (and sometimes mother, too) there is the cockfighting ring.

It's over 100 years since anyone in this country has been able to see a cockfight—legally, anyway!—so I thought it worth while spending a damp Sunday afternoon in Tenerife, watching the “*peleas de gallos*.”

With a memory of Hogarth's famous print in my mind, I have to confess I found the entire atmosphere disappointingly lacking in bloodthirsty spirit. I followed the crowd through a small door set in a brick wall. On the other side was a rough sort of builder's yard. A few men were carrying long baskets, covered with a cloth of scarlet. Through a hole at one end protruded the head of a fighting cock, but apart from the shuffling of the owner's feet, there was dead silence. The cocks might fight, but they certainly didn't crow.

The queue gathered in a large, circular room. Plaster peeled from the walls, and rain spattered on to a domed glass roof. A wooden balcony, upheld by stout tree trunks, ran round the wall. In the centre of the floor, surrounded by wooden chairs, stood the hexagonal cockpit. Built on trestles, it had a sawdust “ring,” and steps went up either side.

For a moment I could imagine myself back

in the days of Shakespeare, for the building, with its general air of neglect and decay, resembled nothing so much as a theatre of those days.

The scales in the ring held a kind of morbid fascination for me, symbolizing justice and all its attendant conflicts—but they were

there for the sole practical purpose of “weighing-in” the birds. Though designated as English cocks, these birds did in fact originate from India. Many years of breeding and cross-breeding go into making them fighters, and training starts seriously on the 1st of December, ready for the opening of the season in February.

Picturesquely christened “Giro,” “Colorado,” “Pinto,” “Gallino,” “Bragao”—according to their colour or temperament—the seven cocks of the two opposing teams, “La Espuela” and “Norte-Laguna” awaited their turn in the ring. Fighting takes place on 17 consecutive Sundays, and at the end of the season points are added up and the winning team declared.

I slipped into my seat and gazed through the cigar smoke of the plump Spaniard in front of me. Verbal bets were being laid of around 100 pesetas a time, but there were no bookies. Suddenly, everyone tensed. Two birds were chasing one another round the ring. Sawdust flew into the faces of the spectators, who watched eagerly for the “death peck”—a quick nip behind the back of the neck. Three or four circlings of the ring, and it was all over. One bird lay dead. A burst of applause—some shouting and laughter—and another pair were placed by the “soltadores”—or handlers, into the ring.

It was all (dare I admit it?) a little bit dull. No blood. No writhing in death agony. Just a quick peck, and that was that. But, remembering that from time immemorial cock-fighting has been known as a royal and noble sport, I am ready to believe that perhaps this was not the cocks' best day. . . .

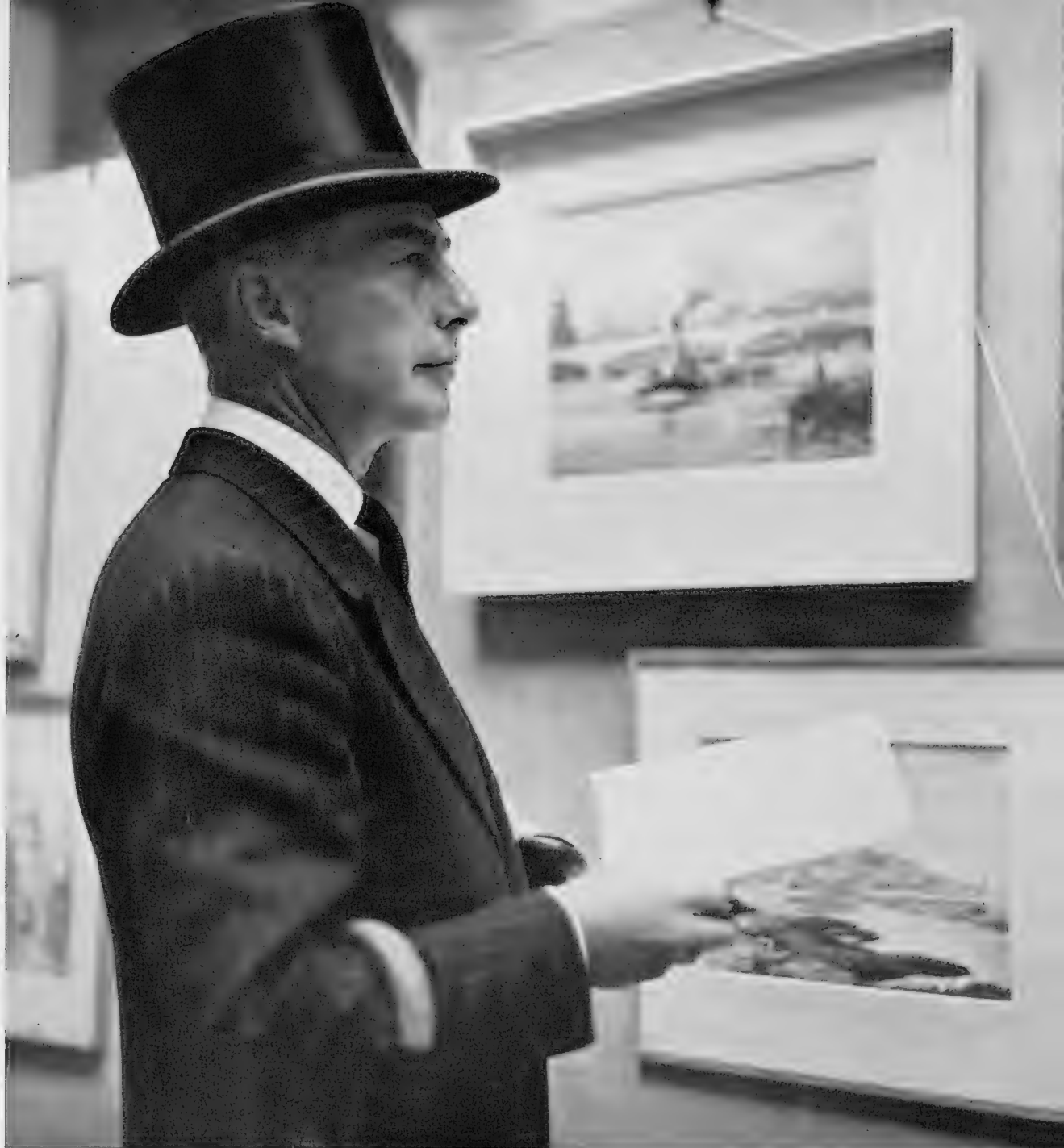
I found the Lucha Canaria far more interesting. This Canary Island wrestling is, I believe, unique, the sport going back to ancient times when it used to be performed by the “*guanches*” who were the original inhabitants of the islands. In those days, contests were held in the beds of ravines, and spectators sat around on the bare earth.

Today, one queues to buy a ticket (and they are not cheap). There is an open-air arena, with the outer ring ten meters in diameter, but a smaller, sanded circle is drawn out for the two contestants.

[Continued on page 620]

STOKES JOKES





Among City businessmen at the Wapping Group of Artists' exhibition was Mr. G. F. Anderson, a stockbroker. The painting is by George Ayling

Held at the Royal Exchange, the exhibition was entitled "Spirit of London River." Many of the paintings are bought by Thames-side firms
Desmond O'Neill



THE
TATLER At the arts
in London. On
this page:

PAINTING *The exhibition
at the Royal Exchange*

Overleaf: Theatre
and ballet





Miss Fulton and Miss P. Myers at the Wapping Group's art exhibition. They both work for an insurance company

THE TATLER & Bystander
24 September 1958 594



Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks arriving at the Adelphi



Mr. & Mrs. W. G. Schnitzer, friends of Miss Beatrice Lillie (Auntie Mame)



Mr. C. M. Byers (a member of the Romford Art Group) and Mr. R. H. Heard, who works in the Bank of England



Leonide Massine, guest star with the company

THEATRE

attend the first

BALLET

The Marquis de Cuevas gives a party

Below: Sir David and Lady Lawrence. They have homes in London and at St. Peter in Jersey

Bottom: Lord Rendlesham (he lives in Pelham Place), Mrs. John Taylor, Lady Rendlesham and Mr. John Taylor



Mr. H. Havercroft (he works in a bank) and Mr. C. F. Havercroft, an accountant. The painting—Wilfred M. Fryer's Richmond Bridge, Surrey



Mr. Leslie Ford and Miss Monica Russell. He is the secretary of the Group. She is his assistant
Desmond O'Neill





Mrs. Diane Barnato Walker and the Earl of Kimberley

Prominent personalities at the night of "Auntie Mame"

Sir Victor Sassoon and
Florence Desmond. She is a
Broadway actress in the play



Van Hallan

at the Ritz after the première of his International Ballet

Below: Mrs. Cecil Tennent (formerly
Irina Baronova, the ballet dancer) and
Rosella Hightower, one of the ballerinas

Bottom: Princess Sharma with Yvette
Chauvire and Alexis Rassine (they are
guest dancers at Covent Garden)

Mme. Leon Gurrero (her husband is the
Philippine Ambassador) and the Mar-
quis de Cuevas. He owns the company

A. V. Swaabe



THEATRE: ANTHONY COOKMAN AT
'AUNTIE MAME' (see also pictures on pages 580 & 595)

Was her journey really necessary?

CHARLES THE SECOND explained the success of a popular preacher by blandly supposing that "his nonsense suited the congregation's nonsense." Every country has plays which succeed for the same reason. When they are travelled at great expense to another country it is hardly believable how flat the nonsense which has swept audiences off their pins elsewhere can fall. The latest piece to demonstrate this sad little truism is *Auntie Mame* at the Adelphi. One might be more sorry for the presenters if all they had done was to take it for granted that an extravaganza which had enormously pleased America must be good in itself and was bound to be thought good anywhere. We should perhaps be touched by their innocence. But it is not easy to forgive them the assumption that because Miss Beatrice Lillie is a great name in Shaftesbury Avenue she can be counted on to carry a part which is as unsuited to her special genius as any part could well be.

Our general misunderstanding of this play begins pretty deep down. As a madcap hostess of the twenties Auntie Mame would hardly rate for more than a passing reference in an Evelyn Waugh novel. Social eccentricity in England has a long history and has produced some truly remarkable people. But to the author—and presumably to American audiences—a hostess who collects oddly-assorted guests into cocktail parties and lets the parties run on till breakfast time is an astonishing eccentric. She has only to have an orphan nephew wished on to her and to begin to feel for the lad a strong but erratically expressed maternal devotion to

become the object of a tender sort of laughter. Scatty her behaviour may be, but there is no denying her a heart. If this laughter is to work in us the part must obviously be played by an actress with a natural warmth which will come meltingly through her comic capers.

But the adorable Miss Lillie—the Miss Lillie of revue and of dazzling solo performances—makes a special point of having no heart. It is her belief that we are all living in a completely mad world, and it is a matter of utter indifference to her which of our pet lunacies she may happen to hold up briefly to a disdain always mischievous and sometimes positively lethal. What makes the whole deflating business so exhilarating is its apparently effortless spontaneity. Maternal devotion, dashing gestures, sentimental outbursts, invitations to romance, to her there is something absurdly, madly pretentious about all these things, and it is her proper business to reduce them ruthlessly to a state of anti-climax. In a world compact of futilities, why should anyone bother to be kind? Especially if one can be unkind as amusingly as Miss Lillie. Our chief quarrel with this play is that it is always getting in the way of Miss Lillie's talent for deflation. Nothing can go wrong when Auntie Mame, called on to partner a dear old actress friend on the stage, completely ruins her friend's performance by fiddling intolerably with flashing, clashing gold arm bangles. But what can Miss Lillie be expected to do when the author requires her to proclaim that even a wild woman is capable of feeling maternal

devotion. We expect her to stare this emotion out of countenance. But Miss Lillie's loyalty to the author compels her to withhold the stare, and we feel nothing but exasperation. We have to calm ourselves as best we can by admiring the technical virtuosity with which she copes with sentimental excesses that her demon left to its own devices would war against without any sort of mercy.

This technical virtuosity is so considerable that it will very likely save the show for those who do not know Miss Lillie's work or have no special relish for its characteristic tart flavour. She is certainly funny as the lady trying to make a go of life in a hunting household in a pair of riding boots which capsize at the ankle with every step. As the woman selling roller skates at Macy's and wholly incapable of making out a bill she finds herself in a poor revue sketch but makes the most of it. Given a horrible "cocktail dainty" and either throwing it over her shoulder with careless grace or grinding it into the carpet with a quick merry pirouette, in these and a dozen other like incidents Miss Lillie is of course great fun. And when she comes towards the end to rout, by means of inflammable cocktails and a series of carefully prepared social shocks, the frightfully respectable family into which her nephew hopes to marry it looks almost as though she is beginning to pull the play into some sort of unity. But for most of the evening she is working cleverly and gamely against the grain of her temperament. So cleverly and so gamely that it is quite on the cards that the show will survive its bad notices and settle down into a good run. As a dipsomaniac actress who passes out at every party she attends, Miss Florence Desmond seizes her few chances with experienced ease and certainty. Miss Jacqueline Ellis is gawkily effective as a secretary discovering the awful consequences of trying to live dangerously, but the rest of the multitudinous cast come and go in Auntie Mame's life too rapidly to make much individual impression.

THEATRE: GLAN WILLIAMS AT
'LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT'

EUGENE O'NEILL's play *Long Day's Journey Into Night* opens in London at the Globe tonight after its Edinburgh Festival season. Below: Alan Bates and Ian Bannan as the young brothers. Right: Gwen Ffrangcon Davies and Anthony Quayle as the parents



Germans at Sadler's Wells

Schiller's Maria Stuart can be seen in English at the Old Vic and in German at Sadler's Wells, where the Duesseldorf Playhouse are appearing for a week. In the German version Heidemarie Hatheyer (below) is Maria Stuart, and Maria Wimmer (right), Elizabeth of England



Canadians in London

Canadian actor Austin Willis and his wife Kate Reid both have parts in plays in England. He has taken over a leading rôle in Roar Like A Dove, at the Phoenix; she is on tour in The Stepmother which comes to London next month. With them (right) are their sons Reid (4) and Austin (7 months)



Anthony Buckley



RECORDS

by GERALD LASCELLES

DUKE
ELLINGTON

Ellington, the aristocrat of jazz

EVERY TIME I play a record by Duke Ellington I am reminded of the slogan on a certain cigarette package: "A product of the Master Mind." Just what goes into the making of that musical master mind has been the topic of many articles, books and broadcasts. One thing remains certain—the Ellington touch has left a firmer and more permanent imprint on the last two decades of jazz than any other single individual influence. Armstrong may be a greater entertainer, Parker a more progressive solo voice, Tatum a more potent pianist, but the consistent lead has come from Duke Ellington.

As a composer he has provided such evergreens as "Mood Indigo," "Solitude," "Creole Love Call," "Take The 'A' Train," and a host of other tunes which have become standard pieces in the realm of big-band performances. He has always preferred the longer piece of music, resenting the restriction imposed by the single side of a standard record in the early recording days. His "Black and Tan Fantasy" broke the three-minute barrier by running to two sides as early as 1927, and by 1944 he had recorded his first long suite, "Black Brown And Beige."

Within the next decade came the "Perfume Suite," "Liberian Suite," and that most witty of all his long works, "Such Sweet Thunder," in which he portrays some exacting musical skits on a series of Shakespearean characters. This month a new version of "Black Brown And Beige" is released, featuring the impressive voice of gospel-singer Mahalia Jackson. I can detect a degree of classical influence in Duke's compositions over the years which is only now manifesting itself in other contemporary pieces.

Pianistically, the Ellington touch has taken second place to the band, emerging on occasion for such sparkling sessions as "Duke Plays Ellington"; in recent years he has taken a more prominent part as soloist in many of his own orchestrations.

As a leader he is out on a limb, not only for his ability to extract the best from his band, but for his understanding choice of soloists and his skilful blending of the musicians at his disposal into the most

tightly knit group to be heard today. His trumpet "family"—for no other word will quite describe the personal tradition handed down by these men—has included the almost legendary Bubber Miley, instigator of the "growl" sound which is an Ellington hallmark; Cootie Williams, another brilliant exponent of muted style trumpet; Rex Stewart, a hard blowing muted and open horn player who influenced Eldridge; Arthur Whetsel and Cat Anderson, the latter now famous for his top register screeching which dominates many ride-out choruses in the present band.

Barney Bigard, Ben Webster, Otto Hardwick and a handful of others have served in the Ellington reed section with great success. Today it is dominated by the eloquent Johnny Hodges. Backing him is the only veteran survivor of Duke's Cotton Club band, Harry Carney, who has played for Ellington without a break since 1926.

Rhythm men who served with the band in the past were drummer Sonny Greer, bassists Jimmy Blanton and Wellman Braud, and banjoist Fred Guy. Today Sam Woodyard is the drummer who presides over the rhythm section of the finest jazz band in the world.

The last time Duke brought his band to England was in 1933. It earned the acclaim of critics, and he received a tremendous ovation wherever he played. He returns to tour Britain, opening on October 5 at the Royal Festival Hall. Thereafter he appears in all the major provincial centres. Probably his most significant engagement, and one for which I feel partially responsible, is his appearance at the Leeds Festival on October 13 and 18. To Duke, an inveterate performer at American festivals, will go the privilege of raising the curtain on the first major jazz presentation at a British Arts Festival.

Some people may argue that jazz has no place in the concert hall, that it is nothing more than an animated form of dance music.

To them I would only counter that the calibre of performers today, and the musical content of their work, has reached a peak where it exerts its influence in every branch of popular entertainment.

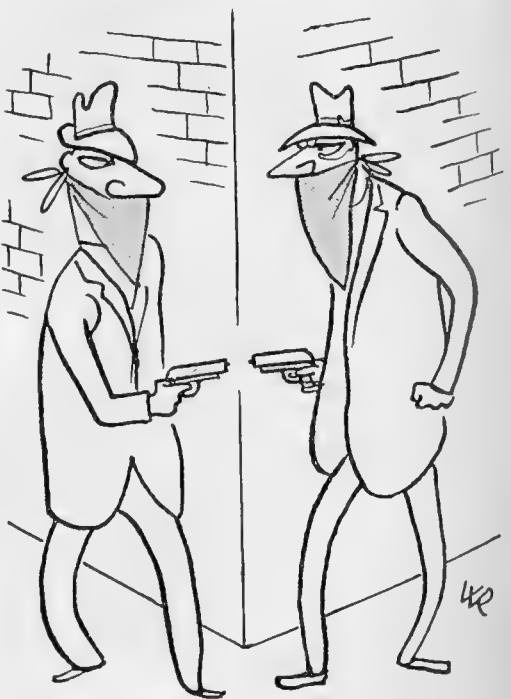
SELECTED RECORDS

1927-1929 vintage
1934-1939 vintage
1940 vintage
1945 vintage
1953-1955 vintage
1956 vintage
1957 vintage

SATURDAY NIGHT FUNCTION
BLUE LIGHT
ELLINGTON HIGHLIGHTS—1940
PERFUME SUITE
ELLINGTON SHOWCASE
ELLINGTON AT NEWPORT
SUCH SWEET THUNDER

H.M.V. DLP1094
Philips BBR8086
H.M.V. DLP1034
H.M.V. DLP1070
Capitol T679
Philips BBL7133
Philips BBL7203

Smile spot



IN THE SWISS ALPS

Blackpool to Switzerland by way of Hollywood. That is the journey of British actress, Janet Munro now filming in Third Man on the Mountain for Walt Disney



Arthur Evans

CINEMA

When Russians fall in love

by ELSPETH GRANT

AS I REPORTED some months ago, the Russian film industry seems to have been liberated somewhat. No longer heavily propagandist, it has ceased to insist that everything and everybody in the Soviet Union is simply wonderful and by revealing that the Russians are as error-and-accident-prone as any other race and have their quota of rogues and crooks, like the rest of the world, it has made them seem infinitely more human and tolerable.

Mr. Mikhail Kalatozov's beautifully directed film, *The Cranes Are Flying*, which was awarded the Grand Prix at the Cannes International Film Festival this year, tells a simple story with a universal appeal. It could have happened anywhere. It opens lyrically with a boy and girl gambolling, innocent as lambs, in the empty, early-morning streets of Moscow. They are very much in love and they will remember this enchanted dawn always—the flight of cranes in precise formation across the sky, the snatch of poetry they recall, the watering-cart which (carelessly if not uncivilly) drenches them, the way Boris (Mr. Alexei Batalov) wrings the water out of Veronica's (Miss Tatiana Samoilova) hair and puts his jacket protectively about her shoulders, and how, separating because they must, they creep up the stairs to their respective homes, breathless and shoes-in-hand, to be teased and scolded lovingly by their families. It is all too happy ever to be forgotten.

War breaks out and Boris is called up, Veronica's parents are killed in an air-raid—her life is desolate and lonely. She had meant to wait as long as need be for Boris's return but the empty months erode, her brave resolution is eaten away—and she marries Mark (Mr. A. Shvorin), Boris's handsome but despicable cousin. He, it transpires, has secured exemption from military service through bribery (which seems to argue a corrupt official somewhere around). The marriage is not a success. She leaves the husband she despises and all her thoughts

are of the man she loves. But Boris, killed by a random bullet, is lost to her for ever.

Miss Samoilova is a lovely creature, full of beauty and anguish, and her subtle and poignant performance fully merits the individual award she won at Cannes. The photography is unobtrusively good—Mr. Kalatozov making the most skilful use of montage and a highly mobile camera. Is there perhaps a smudge of propaganda in the film's final protestation that the Russians hate war and wish only to see it outlawed? Oh, well. Nichevo—and pass the vodka. Who would not drink a toast to the hope of

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

THE CRANES ARE FLYING—Tatiana Samoilova, Alexei Batalov, A. Shvorin. Directed by Mikhail Kalatozov.

THE NIGHT OF THE STORM—Lilli Palmer, Ivan Desny, Willi A. Kleinau, Peter Uwe Witt. Directed by Falk Harnack.

THE FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST—Hugh O'Brian, Robert Evans, Dolores Michaels, Linda Cristal. Directed by Gordon Douglas. "X" Certificate.

universal peace eternally preserved? I just hope the film means what it says, that's all.

Whereas Miss Samoilova, like all the best Russian players, holds one by not appearing to act at all, Fraulein Lilli Palmer, in a little German number called *The Night Of The Storm*, rivets the round-eyed attention by acting away like mad the whole time—almost as if she were playing in a silent film. As a matter of fact, the story is so old fashioned, the whole thing has an air of belonging properly to the pre-talkie era.

A famous painter, Mr. Willi A. Kleinau, has hospitably invited a promising art student, Mr. Ivan Desny, to live in his house and use his studio. One stormy night, when Mr. Kleinau is absent, Mr. Desny seduces his host's wife, Fraulein Palmer. The moment the deed is done, she is overcome with shame and bids him depart first thing in the

morning and never darken her doors again. She does not know that her small son, Master Peter Uwe Witt, wakened by the storm, has witnessed their embraces and, thoroughly shocked, is at that moment attempting suicide: he has locked himself in the garage to gas himself with the fumes of his father's car.

In the morning Mr. Desny, reluctantly leaving as bidden, hears the car engine running, breaks in the garage door and rescues the boy, who has apparently been breathing in fumes for *hours* without any really serious ill effects. Mr. Kleinau, returning, is fulsomely grateful to Mr. Desny for saving the child and begs him to make his home with them permanently. Then Master Witt spitefully gives the game away—and first Mr. Desny and later Fraulein Palmer are given the old never-darken-me-doors treatment.

They go away to live together in sin and comparative poverty in some other town. Mr. Desny is angrily frustrated because his pictures don't sell. One look at them and you can see why. Fraulein Palmer does her best to encourage him by surreptitiously buying the odd daub through an agent—but Mr. Desny finds out and is livid. They quarrel, and Fraulein Palmer rushes out to pace up and down a high bridge while making the decision to throw herself off.

Bless you! In the nick of time her husband and little boy arrive and beg her to come back to them. All is forgiven—and one is reminded that this used to be the cue for "Hearts and Flowers" from the cinema pianist in the good old days when tales of this kind could move an audience to tears.

Mr. Robert Evans, charming as the courteous Irving Thalberg in *Man Of A Thousand Faces* and a heart-throb as the proud young bullfighter in *The Sun Also Rises*, has been reduced to a loose-lipped, glazed-eyed homicidal psychopath in the title rôle of *The Fiend Who Walked The West*, a film for sadists directed with relish by Mr. Gordon Douglas. Mr. Hugh O'Brian (Wyatt Earp on TV), serving a ten-year sentence for bank robbery, is released by the cops to see if he can pin something on his ex-cell mate, Mr. Evans. They are pretty sure he has a number of murders to his credit but can't get enough evidence to hang him. Mr. O'Brian, who can be as brutal as the next man, succeeds, where the law failed, in ridding the town of the hated killer.

STANLEY
PARKER
DRAWS...

Josephine Blumenfeld

Writing was inevitable for Josephine Blumenfeld. She is the daughter of a famous editor (R. D. Blumenfeld), the widow of Alan Bott, and the sister of Sir John Elliot, London Transport's author chairman.

Now she has added a memoir Pin A Rose On Me (Heinemann) to the four volumes of short stories she has already written. She lives in a house with a citron front door, has a 'Gauguin garden' of unlikely plants (with a studio at the end for a painting daughter), and wraps her dark hair in a cerise scarf (to match her lipstick)



BOOKS I AM READING

Meet the Elizabethans

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THIS WEEK the book with magic, the book that lasts for days with happiness on every page, is **The Elizabethans At Home** by Elizabeth Burton (Secker & Warburg, 25s.). Miss Burton has for eight years been collecting day-to-day details of Tudor life—what they ate, what they wore, how they furnished their houses, how they attempted to cure their extraordinarily unpleasant diseases. Her style is racy rather than dry-bones scholarly, and sometimes she seems as stunned by some of the material she has unearthed as the astonished reader.

Having not even the slightest grasp of history as a matter of movements, feudal systems, and trade treaties, the real heart of the matter has always had to be for me the cut of a shoe, the shape of a fireplace, the planning of a garden. Hence the joy I gained from Miss Burton's book. Now I know what exactly a runcible spoon is, how many trinkets and valuable buttons the Queen lost every time she made a formal public appearance, and how to remove spots and blemishes (with Soliman, a sublimate of mercury, which removed skin, flesh and all, leaving scar tissue and "the shakes.")

Henry VIII brightened his hair with gold-

dust, and later gallants achieved fashionable red beards with either calcined lead and sulphur mixed with quicklime, or, believe it or not, oil of vitriol. The Queen suffered agonies with toothache, and had several sets of gold toothpicks (also a gold-and-ruby earpick). You cured ordinary ague by wearing a spider in a nut-shell lapped in silk. You might quite easily suffer from dumb palsy, unripe botches, white morpew, the pin, the web, and the rickets. You might dress in Drake's colour, popinjay green, or another green graphically described as goose-turd. Burghley paid £7,000 to entertain the Queen for a single night. This adorable book, crammed with such intoxicating information, begins and ends with Elizabeth, "a Lady" as Raleigh said coolly, "whom time had surprised."

A second Tudor book, lightly fictioned fact, is **The Sisters** by Hugh Ross Williamson (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.), a study of poor Mary Tudor suffering endless hysterical pregnancies (Miss Burton says Henry's elder daughter had congenital syphilis as part of her Tudor inheritance, Mr. Ross Williamson says it was secondary amenorrhoea, either way it was an unenviable life) and Elizabeth

sticking pins into waxen images of her half-sister, given her by the successful wizard Doctor John Dee.

Mr. Humphrey Lyttelton is seen, splendidly photographed by John Deakin, blowing hard and concentratedly on the jacket of his book **Second Chorus** (McGibbon & Kee, 18s.). Mr. Lyttelton is a forceful character, all sorts of things about whom—such as the way he builds the kind of house he wants—I much admire. Indeed he is so forceful about people who write about jazz ("... journeymen who have been put on to jazz by their editors because they are less ignorant about it than their colleagues...") that I am too scared to do more than mention the fact that a good deal of the book is in fact about jazz, and no one needs telling that the author is an authority. It is a lively, likeable, casual book (though the opinions in it are generally tough, outspoken, and anything but casual), full of graphical detail about Lyttelton's life with jazz. I especially enjoyed a chapter, written *con amore* on Louis Armstrong (who addressed Norman del Mar, conductor of the concert in which Armstrong played with the R.P.O. in 1956, as "Professor", 'Daddy' and, on one occasion, 'Fats!')

Two novels for pleasure: **Parade In Pairs** (Cape, 15s.), a first novel written when the author, D. A. Nicholas Jones, was 24. It is a bright, beady-eyed, acid-tasting book, frankly dividing its characters into Upper and Lower Class. There are two concurrent plots, and two characters overlap in each. Oxford (Upper Class milieu) is seen as the home of confused parties, shiny talk, and sexual endeavour. Lower Class takes in young men on the make, West Indians,



Yevonde

Miss Elisavet Ann Longworth to Mr. John Armar Vully de Candole: She is the daughter of Mr. J. L. Longworth, Courtfield Gardens, London, S.W.5, and of Mrs. Noorduyn. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. E. A. V. de Candole, Evreham Lodge, Iwer



Fayer

Miss Joanna Harter to Mr. David Anthony Gill: She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Harter, Stone Dean House, Jordans, Bucks. He is the son of the late Captain F. A. Gill & the late Mrs. Evelyn Gill



Yevonde

Top, right: Miss Frances Anne Landale to Mr. Gerald MacKean Bell: She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. E. A. Landale, Whitcheater, Duns, Berwickshire. He is the younger son of Sir Frederick & the late Lady Bell, Chapelbank, Auchterarder, Perthshire



Lenaro

Right: Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones to the Hon. Nathaniel Fiennes: She is the daughter of Major-General Sir Guy & Lady Salisbury-Jones, Mill Down, Hambledon. He is the eldest son of Lt.-Col. Lord Saye and Sele & Lady Saye and Sele, Broughton Castle, Banbury



Mr. David Esme Douglas Gordon: In the announcement of Miss Audrey Diana Carey's engagement to Mr. Gordon (issue of Sept. 10) his surname was mistakenly printed as Douglas. He is the elder son of Lord Roderic Gordon. The TATLER regrets this error and any inconvenience it may have caused

Miss Anna Lisette Preston to Mr. Mark Edward Coe, R.E.: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Eric Preston, Hedges, Weybridge, Surrey. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Coe, Chester House, Norwich



Lenaro

Miss Mary Charlotte Ellicott to Mr. Michael Norman Brenchley Kipping: She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. Ellicott, the Gate Cottage, Monken Hadley, Barnet. He is the younger son of Sir Norman & Lady Kipping, Oak House, Ganwick, Barnet

Vandyk



unhappy home-life, and just a touch of dope. A very moodish, tart cocktail, with an irritant, lingering after-effect.

And **Fish Flying Through Air** by Roswell G. Ham (Bodley Head, 16s.), with another of Mr. Charles Mozley's magnificent undressed girls on the cover (a good deal of the book is about girls either undressed or undressing). The story concerns the lives of two young Americans, told by one of them in the first person. It is racy—sometimes a trifle doggedly so—vigorous, and sourly funny. The best section is a nightmare impression of totally dislocated life in war-time London, full of deserting heroes and confused girls.

Also current . . . **The Saturday Book**, 18, edited by John Hadfield (Hutchinson, 30s.), as *de luxe* and fat and shiny as ever, and for all I know just the sort of thing a lot of people want to give to a lot of other people, since it comes boxed like chocolates and has a space for you to write a suitable dedication. The mixture is much as before, with many glossy photographs (china, stained glass, joke pictures of cats, a much-magnified baked potato) and classy essays (on dwarfs, beds, graffiti, Pierrot and such). I enjoyed a set of pictures of the buildings in Britain that give joy to the quixotic but loyal heart of Mr. Betjeman, and an essay by Philip Henderson on the fearful love-affair between Rossetti and Jane Morris, which includes a fine photograph of that boneless lady in a memorable attitude of indigestion. The whole enterprise has to me a curiously dated air, like some dear old magazine you can't bear to throw away for fear a rainy afternoon may catch you with nothing whatsoever to read. . . . **The Shadow Line** by Hans Killian (Barrie, 15s.), a ferocious book about surgery, our new national passion, with a picture of (I take it), the author looking

keen on the cover and holding some dreadful implement. "I inserted the nozzle of the drainage pump into the abdominal cavity. . . . I cut open the peritoneum and saw the internal organs swimming with blood . . . with one decisive blow of the hammer he broke off the entire trochanter . . . seized the upper and lower part of the thigh in his powerful hands and dislocated the hip. . . ." I am now forced to accept the fact that I am nothing but an old-fashioned lily-liver liable to be left not so much cold as paralysed by this sort of gory badinage, but if you thrill to the sound of saw and cleaver, then I suppose this little book is just your—forgive the word—meat. There are some milder bits, too, such as an unusual discharge of fluid from the left nostril, and unexpected air-bubbles in the cranium. . . . **The Pick Of Punch**, edited by Nicolas Bentley (André Deutsch, 15s.), which I am shy of recommending in a blatant shout, lest I should too much resemble the actress who lures her friends to see the play in which she announces dinner in the third act; so I shall merely say (in a swift mutter) that I enjoyed it enormously. . . . **Gidget**, by Frederick Kohner (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), a short, slangy, sentimental, candy-sweet story about an American teen-ager surfing through a summer in the company of a group of young men who speak Californian patois and do no work at all . . . and anyone who enjoyed *Writers At Work*, a book I heartily recommended some weeks ago, should note that the Paris Review (published, all honour to him, by Prince Sadruddin) is distributed in this country by Deutsch. The current issue has a superb interview with Hemingway in which the G.O.M. irascibly utters characteristic philosophy in sentences hewn straight out of the novels. . . .

Autumn fashions

Ten pages of
pictures showing
the latest line
and how it
affects all kinds
of clothes.
On this page:

FOR EVENING

SOPHISTICATED BALENCIAGA designs first and foremost for the smart women of International Society. A Spaniard, he never descends from elegance to mere prettiness. His dress of black net is mounted on snuff-coloured silk embroidered with jet. Over it he places a huge tabard of white ottoman silk

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Opposite: Merged with the soaring tailplane of Handley Page's Victor bomber (largest aircraft in the world to exceed the speed of sound), a typical suit of the season—Spectator Sports' version of the Empire line in tailoring. In a brilliant red wool, the suit has a high belt slotted through the front of the jacket, leaving the back loose and pouched at the hemline. At Liberty's, Regent Street, and McDonalds of Glasgow. Price: about 17 gns. Rudolf's black Persian Lamb beret

Right: In the shadow of the Avro Vulcan bomber, a dress interpreted from Paris by Polly Peck. Here in a plaid, but actually to be sold in a black-and-white flecked tweed. The dress has a black calf belt and stiffened unpressed pleats, is worn with a tiny jacket. At Wakeford's, King's Road, Chelsea, Chanelle, Knightsbridge (and all branches), Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead, and Marie Wilson, Exeter. Price: about 16 gns. —not available till October. Green ruched leather beret by Chez Elle



Michel Molinare

Left: The huge-belted, décolleté, sleeveless dress which ran through the Paris Collections translated by Dorville in a snuff-coloured wool-and-mohair cloth. The hip-length jacket is collarless with three-quarter sleeves. At Simpsons, Piccadilly, and Florence Woods, Leeds. Price: about £28. Hat by Chez Elle

Autumn fashions

Left: Dorville's interpretation of the huge collars featured by Pierre Cardin in Paris. Their coat in a bold black-and-maroon wool check is right up to the minute with its cape collar, high buttoning, and wide, low-set sleeves. Price: about 34 gns., at Peter Jones, Sloane Square, and Nottingham House, Preston, Lancashire. Black musquash beret by Chez Elle



Above: Bold checks and a high-standing collar mark the personality of Jaeger's top-coat, made of a mixture of llama, mohair and wool. High-placed pockets indicate the upwards trend of the season's line. Made in checks of grey, blue, wine or brown on white. Price: 28½ gns. At the following Jaeger branches: Regent Street (London), Bath, Guildford, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Manchester. Kidskin high hat by Chez Elle

COATS

have important
collars, high
buttoning, and
cuffless sleeves



A nose view of the Avro Vulcan, and Crayson's coat of black-and-white-flecked Irish tweed, with its belt slotted across the front leaving the back to fall loose. Again the high emphasized bustline, the larger-than-usual collar. Price : 14 gns. at Cresta's London branches. Also in the provinces as follows : Welwyn, Bath, Bournemouth, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Manchester, Harrogate, Folkestone, St. Ives. Velvet beret by Rudolf

Michel Molinare

Autumn fashions



After lunching in the Handley-Page private enclosure, a guest chats to Air Chief Marshal Sir George Mills, K.C.B., C.B., D.F.C., who commands Allied Air Forces in Central Europe, and Air Marshal Sir Richard Jordan, K.C.B., C.B., D.F.C., A.O.C.-in-C. of Maintenance Command. She wears a high-waisted 'baby-doll' dress in a white wool lace trimmed with white satin. By Frank Usher, it is obtainable at Chanelle Knightsbridge, Fifth Avenue (Regent Street), Leaders (Leeds) and Bon Ton (Leicester). Price: about 10 gns.

Right: Again the slotted-through belt, which is seen everywhere on dresses, coats and suits throughout the day. Crayson's box suit in a two-tone wool tweed of black flecked with grey. The small glimpse of the black leather belt gives the necessary high-busted effect. Price: 13½ gns. at Cresta, London branches, and in the provinces at their branches in Welwyn, Bath, Bournemouth, Brighton, Bristol, Cardiff, Manchester, Harrogate, Folkestone, Falmouth, Penzance and St. Ives. Blonde felt beret by Rudolf

FOR IMPORTANT OCCASIONS



Fairey test-pilot Peter Twiss shows a visitor (*below right*) the magenta-coloured Fairey Delta 2 which held the World's Absolute Speed Record up to May this year. She wears a dress by Frank Usher made in a mixture of black wool and nylon inspired directly by the Italian Collections. Price: about 15 gns. At Derry & Toms, London, Wakeford's, Kings Road, S.W.3, and Chanal, Leeds. Blonde felt beret by Rudolf

Below left: She wears a double-breasted black suit in a wool tweed with a scarf-collar and the essential shortened cuffless sleeve. This suit made by Jaeger is obtainable at their Regent Street and Sloane Street branches in London, and in the provinces at Jaeger shops in Brighton, Guildford, Belfast, Cheltenham, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Sheffield and Manchester. Price: 25½ gns. Kidskin hat by Chez Elle

Michel Molinare

and for meeting important people





Opposite: FOR THE YOUNG GIRL who longs to have her first "little black dress," a dance frock, of French spotted net over layers and layers of stiffened nylon net. Price: 39½ gns. The necklet of drop pearls and crystal beads costs 10 gns., the matching earrings £2 19s. 6d. Both these model dresses are by Henri Gowns and can be bought at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, London, who also have the jewellery.

Below: FOR THE YOUNG WOMAN in her mid-twenties and onwards, a little short black dress in crêpe romaine finely pleated from neck to hem. The pleats are flattened over the hips and waistline which is well-defined by the wide buckled belt. The dress costs 21½ gns. ; the rhinestone earrings £3 12s. 6d., the bracelet 19 gns.

The Shoes: The black satin T-strap shoes with diamanté trimming (*opposite*) are from Saxone and can be bought at all their main branches. They are also made in white for dyeing, and in silver brocade. Price : 69s. 11d. (dyeing 6s. 6d.) The black satin pumps (*left*) can also be bought at Saxone's main branches. The bows are fastened with diamanté buckles. Also available in white they cost 59s. 11d. The stockings, a dark brown verging to black—all the rage just now in Paris—are Schiaparelli's 15-denier nylon. Price : 15s. 6d.

BLACK
—it flatters
the sophisticate
or the teenager

*Photographed in the Oliver
Messel Suite in the Dorchester
by PETER ALEXANDER*

CHOICE OF
THE WEEK







Michel Molinare

Autumn fashions

HATS

go up

in sympathy

The skirts stay up, the bust-line goes up, and hats, too, join the spiral. Invariably they are brimless, high-crowned, and they demand absolutely no vestige of hair showing. The two hats shown here were designed by Svend, the Danish milliner who works in Paris with couturier Jacques Heim. (Originally he was associated with Jacques Fath.) They were photographed on "Lucky," the top model of the House of Dior, at her Paris flat. *Left:* Lucky wearing Svend's toque of tiny white feathers, worked like flower petals. *Right:* Svend's high-crowned hat in dark green melusine, trimmed with toning ruched satin, slotted through the crown

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 Toning Otterburn tweed suit, overchecks on Moss, Blue and Brown grounds. Hip sizes 36"-42". 20 gns.
 Hat in Brown, Green, Blue or Off-White felt. 35/6

BEAUTY

Towards
softer
skin

by JEAN CLELAND



A hairstyle to match the Empire line. It is soft, youthful and feminine. It was designed by Dumas

IN THIS Autumn Fashion-number, I should like to tell you of some of the new beauty preparations that will be a part of the smart woman's autumn picture.

There are two creams which can be relied upon to give renewed radiance to the skin in time for coming parties. One is new, the other has been given a new pack. The former is called *Total Cream*. It is made by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. I am told that it is made on an entirely new principle. It gradually and gently persuades the skin into regaining its lost properties. Most people are aware of the fact that the skin constantly renews itself. When one surface layer of the epidermis sheds off its old dead cells, these are replaced by young ones coming up to the surface from the deeper layers. As we get older, this process slows down. Hence wrinkles.

Total Cream helps the skin to renew itself. It can be used with equally good effect on dry and oily skins. The "mixed" skin benefits too, and becomes more uniform and more balanced.

The cream that has received the new pack is Guerlain's *Ambrosia Emulsion*. This comes in what is called an airtight flexible plastic *coquetier* which allows only a small quantity to be used at a time, leaving the rest of the emulsion in perfect condition. One *coquetier* is enough for any woman to carry out the 30-day treatment, which Guerlain advise as a pick-me-up for every type of skin. Before using the emulsion, the face should be

sprayed with Guerlain's *Aromatic Lotion*.

Goya have two new foundations. *Beauty All Day* is a liquid emulsion, and just the thing to get the skin soft and smooth, in condition to stand up to harsh weather and cold winds. It contains a thin oil which is easily absorbed by the skin and it lubricates and soothes. Its extra nourishing properties come from a lanolin derivation, and a humectant which helps the skin to retain its moisture.

Goya's *Beauty Base* has the same properties as *Beauty All Day*, but has been made for those who prefer a cream foundation. This is especially beneficial to the type of skin that is inclined to be extra dry and sensitive.

Two bargains come from Cyclax, the first of which they think will appeal particularly to the young girl. This is a new Helio plastic container for the Cyclax Beauty Pressed Refills. This, which costs 6s. 6d., is infinitely more attractive than the original packing in a carton at 5s. 9d., and only costs 9d. more. Older women will be interested in the second bargain, which is a special small size of Cyclax's famous *Neckline*. Those who have tried this excellent treatment for the neck will appreciate how helpful it can be at this time of year when the neck is apt to look dry and crêpey after exposure to the summer sun. To put this right for autumn parties and evening dress, give yourself a course of *Neckline* and take advantage of the new bargain size.

A dashing new lipstick shade is Max Factor's *Censored*. This has a chameleon-like quality. If, for instance, you are wearing pink, *Censored* appears to have pink tones to blend with it. If, on the other hand, the shade near to your face is more coral, then *Censored* picks up the red and adapts itself accordingly. It is made in two of Max Factor's well-known lipstick formulas, Hi-Fi and Colour Fast.

Roberts Windsor of soap fame, have restyled their well-known Otto of Flowers series. The series is now extended, and each of the five items seen in the photograph is available in either Otto of Jasmin or Otto of Roses.



The new Otto of Flowers series by Roberts Windsor. It includes soap, talc, dusting powder and bath cubes

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MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS



I was thrilled at Longbridge

AS THE YEARS go by, the motoring journalist, like any other professional critic, develops a defence mechanism against the persuasions of the publicity experts. He has to find out how much of the epoch-making new model is really new—sometimes quite a difficult task in itself—and must try to achieve an objective assessment of design, value, performance, comfort, probable durability and all the other elements that interest the owner.

Consequently it is a rare thing to feel such a thrill of enthusiasm as I did when I walked into the secret showroom where new models are displayed at the Austin works and saw the whole range of the new A40s gleaming in their beautiful colours. I think women in particular are going to find this little car quite irresistible. Grace of line was to be expected on a body design from Pinin Farina's studios (*picture above, left*), but there is more than that. There is no mechanical novelty at all in this car, but by using existing A35 components (with wider track and longer wheelbase which should give better stability and riding comfort, and bigger brakes to handle greater loads) the designers have been free to concentrate on refinement of detail to such an extent that the car looks ready to enter a *concours d'elegance* right away.

Two-tone finish is standard, but gaudy abstract patterns are out; every car has a black roof and the rest is finished in attractive reds, blues, greens, greys, or the black, for which a solid demand always exists. The finish of upholstery and interior trim, the neatly moulded floor coverings, the switches, interior lights, lamps, bumpers and minor items of hardware all build up a harmonious pattern instead of giving the impression that they have been chosen at random from stock ranges.

The wide doors have lower edges well radiused to avoid fouling low kerbs; there is a softly padded anti-dazzle covering along the top of the instrument panel and a neat moulded safety roll guards the edge of the full-width parcel shelf. The underside of the car is smooth, critical points being well

sprayed with sealing compound and stainless steel is used for all external bright work except bumpers and hub caps, so the handsome appearance should last.

The driving position is admirable; back and thighs are well supported, the wheel is pleasantly angled and a trigger on the column can be used to switch on the lights, or flash the headlamps. The remote control gear lever (the same as on the Austin-Healey Sprite) lies conveniently in the centre with the stout pull-up handbrake lever. Pedals are quite well sited despite some intrusion by the wheel arch, and the hydraulic control for the clutch works more smoothly than the mechanical linkage on the A35. Rear seat space is outstanding for a car of this size, head room being a strong point, thanks to the long, flat line of the roof, and the unusual shape of the car, coupled with the folding rear seat backrest gives it carrying capacity comparable with that of a small station wagon. It weighs more than an A35 but less than a Morris Minor; it does

about 70 m.p.h. flat out and at prices under £700 including tax for both standard and de luxe models, I think the demand should keep the Longbridge production lines humming for a long time to come.

Higher up in the range of price and power is the 3-litre Rover (*picture above, right*), an entirely new fast touring saloon by a company famous for the finish of its cars. It is a roomy five/six-seater with wrap-round windscreen and a big luggage trunk silently impelled by a 3-litre six-cylinder engine producing 115 h.p. Among the many interesting details are small adjustable air ducts, which de-mist the corners of the screen and take the place of the pivoting ventilation panes which so often leak. There are little red tell-tales to show that the side lamps are lit, child-proof door locks, push-button adjustable armrests on each door, a push button on the instrument panel to show oil level, cutting out the need to fiddle with a messy dipstick, and of course the Rover sealed steering pivots which eliminate the need for frequent chassis lubrication.

Engine, gearbox, steering gear and front suspension are mounted on a sub frame which is insulated from the body by six big rubber pads and rear springs are also isolated by rubber to keep out road rumble.

GOING ABROAD BY ROAD? IT'S QUICKER NOW

I SET UP a personal motoring record a few days ago. A free weekend and an Austin-Healey Sprite having arrived together, I took another look at the Brussels Exhibition. Going outwards from Dunkirk to Ostend, customs formalities at the Belgian frontier took just 14 seconds. The French glanced at the green vignette on the windscreen and waved me on; the Belgians took just those few seconds to glance at my green insurance card. Coming back the Belgians waved me out non-stop and it took just 12 seconds for the French *douanier* to spot the vignette on the windscreen and wave me in.

At Dover the British customs are passing users of Form 29C through with remarkable speed but I wish the port authorities would devise a method of shipping cars which does not entail covering the windscreen with

labels. I went out with four labels obstructing my vision and only my protests prevented one individual adding two more.

If you have not yet seen the exhibition, there is still time as it does not close until October 19. Prices are high but there seems to be plenty of room. The view from the 360-foot high top ball of the atomium at night is something to remember along with those from the Eiffel Tower, the TV tower at Stuttgart or the Top of the Mark at San Francisco. Listen to the electrical impulses emitted by a star three million years ago, look at the cities of the future; try the wines and cuisine of innumerable countries, art and economics, history and scientific research, native handicrafts and automation; it is all here; as much as your feet can stand.

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Helena Rubinstein

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DINING OUT

Now is the time to know about oysters

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

THERE IS an "R" in the month, so it's oysters again. I do not subscribe to the idea that you can eat oysters all the year round, although I know it is possible, but it removes all the glamour and anticipation from the real season.

During the past two weeks I have paid fleeting visits to most of the famous Houses in London specializing in the serving of oysters.

It seems that this year the letter "R" should have been put further down the calendar. Owing to the appalling and peculiar weather conditions during the past 14 months, the "R" had come too early.

There is a parallel with the vineyards of France. The French declare a date on which a vintage shall take place according to how the grapes have grown and progressed, this also being dependent on the weather conditions. One year it might quite likely be three weeks later than usual.

We should do the same with the oyster beds, but in England the fans are determined that 1 September is OYSTER DAY and oysters there must be.

Actually, on 1 September I found myself at Victoria Station so it was a simple matter to walk a couple of hundred yards to the Oyster Bar at Overton's, who have been serving oysters since 1872.

There I met its director, Geoffrey Russell Hay, who told me that due to the lack of warmth and sun the growers had contemplated postponing the opening of the season to 21 September, and from what he had seen of the early arrivals it

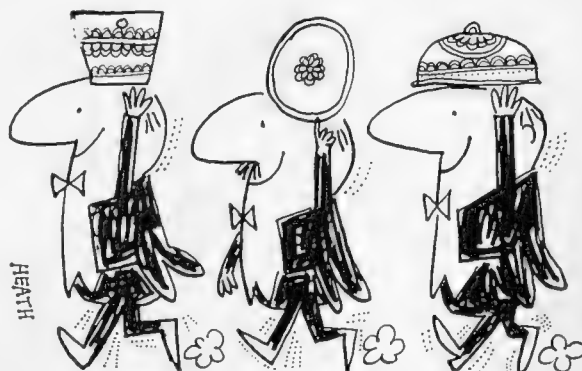
was a pity they had not done so.

Real No. 1's were almost non-existent; the so-called No. 1's looked like Medium No. 2's and so on. However, he felt certain that by the end of September all would be well, although the top quality No. 1's would be in short supply throughout the year. He anticipated that when prime Colchester No. 1's are available they will cost you anything from 25s. to 30s. per dozen. When this column appears his No. 1 Whitstables will be 23s. 6d. per dozen and his No. 3's, 12s. 6d., the latter small, of course, but of good flavour.

Next stop to see Bill Bentley at Bentley's Oyster Bar in Swallow Street, Piccadilly. His father, another "Bill," who started this business, was the "Drivers" in the "Naughty Nineties," which was a famous name in oysters for many years.

Bill said he was quite exhausted during the first week or so of the season explaining to infuriated restaurateurs why the large sized No. 1's they had ordered had not arrived; in fact I heard him reply to one gentleman over the telephone while I was in his office by saying: "Sir, I have not received any of the large ones myself. You seem to think that if I stand up in my office and say 'Abracadabra' a sack of them will fall through the ceiling into my lap," to which apparently the gentleman on the other end said he would go and get them somewhere else, to which Mr. Bentley replied: "By all means,

[Continued on page 620]

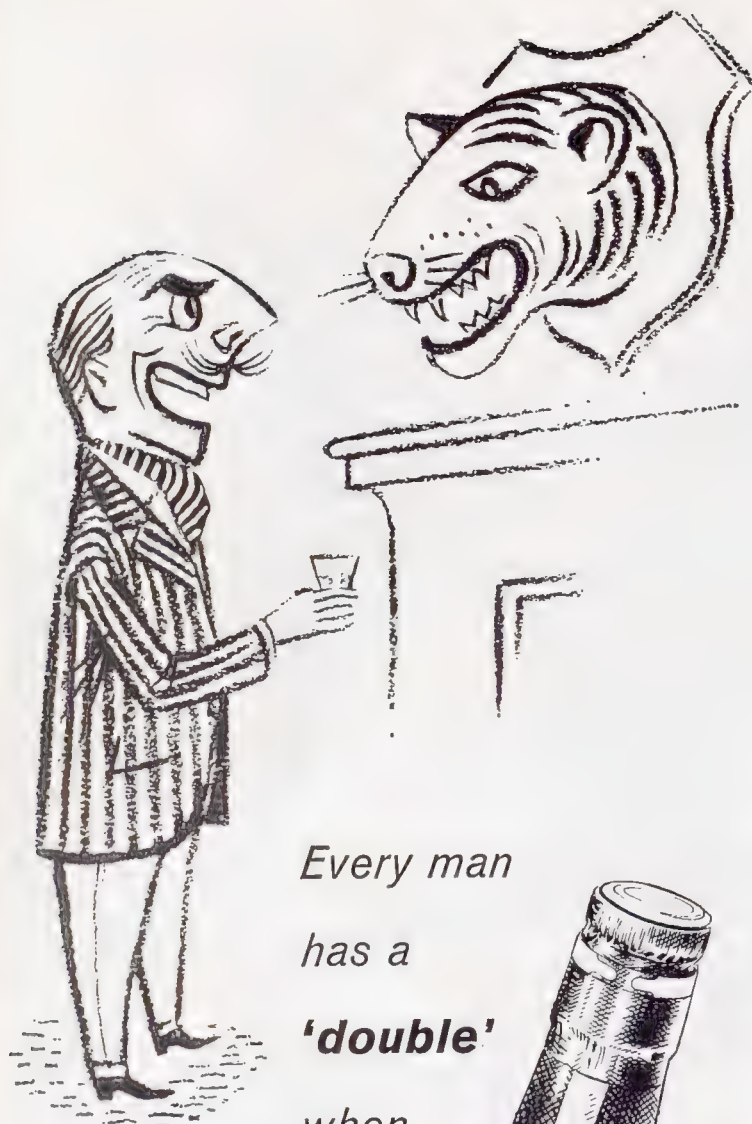


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CANARY SPORTS

continued from page 592

Two teams of 12 men take part, and contrary to our usual conception of the Spaniard as a small and stocky man, many of these wrestlers are very tall. Clearly many are descendants of the original "guanches."

The clothing worn is an integral part of the sport. It consists of a white linen shirt and trunks, and over the latter goes a pair of strong white linen shorts. The legs of these shorts are rolled up tightly to the thigh, so as to give a good grip for the opponent's hand, which must retain a hold on the trouser leg throughout the entire contest.

The referee called "ya," and both wrestlers bent down, gripped one trouser leg with one hand—the *agarrada*—and then, lightly touched the earth with the other hand. This gesture is of pagan origin, linked with classical mythology, and is followed by a more practical move, the placing of the same hand on the opponent's



back, to indicate the fighter is ready to begin.

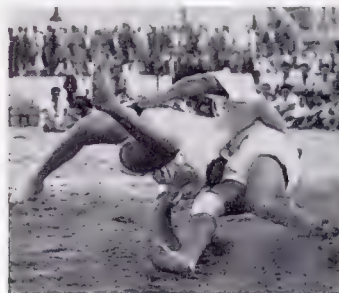
There are, of course, many known moves, but briefly the object is to "throw" the opponent with one hand, the other still gripping the trouser leg. As soon as a knee, or even a finger tip, touches the ground, it spells defeat.

I found the fights fascinating, for here was no brutality, no cruelty, none of the cunning normally associated with wrestling. Only strength, skill and gentleness are required, and so gentlemanly are these youngsters that they shake hands after every round.

Some of the contests took only a few seconds, others a matter of minutes, and after a particularly skilful win, the young man would parade proudly round the ring of spectators; but not too proudly to refuse the gifts of coins enthusiastically thrust into his palm.

I sat on for a couple of hours while the sun beat down on the bare-headed groups of handsome young wrestlers, squatting on the grass to await their turn.

And from somewhere beyond the snow-capped peak of El Teide, I thought I heard the mournful, dying bellow of a forgotten bull.



THE LOCAL BRAND OF WRESTLING

ALL ABOUT OYSTERS *continued from page 618*

sir, but be kind and please tell me where you found them."

He thinks it would be much better if the season ran two weeks into May and two weeks were nipped off the beginning of September. Here are his prices for the oysters from his own beds near Colchester: No. 1's, 22s. per dozen, No. 2's, 18s., No. 3's, 14s.

Now down St. James's to Prunier's to see Madame Prunier in person. Prunier's of Paris is one of the most famous oyster restaurants there has ever been, and in the eighties it was a rule that no customer would be served unless part of his order was for oysters.

Madame Prunier agreed that the oysters in London during the first week had certainly been small, but she was unperturbed and said the supplies she had received from Whitstable and the Duchy of Cornwall were of good quality and that she prefers small or medium-sized oysters to large ones.

Her prices are as follows: Portuguese, 14s. per dozen; small, 16s., medium, 24s., large, 28s.

Then back to Piccadilly to possibly the oldest seafood house in London Town, Scott's. Here I talked to their general manager, Richard Smith. He said that the

early oysters were what he described as "somewhat anaemic" but were becoming plumper every day. Their prices are: Colchesters, 25s.; Scotts Imperials, 22s.

I then went off to Wilton's in King Street, far-famed for the quality of their oysters, where I met Peter Marks. He also agreed the season was a late starter, but said: "We only buy one sort of oyster, the finest we can obtain, and we only have one price and that is 25s. a dozen."

Maurice Emberson is another perfectionist. At his small but charming sherry bar in Shepherd Market he pointed out: "I have no room to serve different grades of oysters or a vast variety of wines, so I start at the top and stay there, fine wines, first-class sherries and madeiras, and the highest grade Colchester oysters it is possible to obtain and my price is 26s. a dozen."

Then off into the heart of Soho to another famous oyster house, Wheelers in Old Compton Street, where I was served some of their West Mersea No. 1's by Archie Charles, one-time oyster master to the late King George V. He has been handling oysters for 35 years. He thinks the Colchesters at their best may fetch from 28s. to 30s. doz.

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FACES AND PLACES

TIP-OF-THE-TONGUE
NAMES
PHOTOGRAPHED
AWAY FROM HOME



A. V. Swaabe

OUT DINING : *Princess Brigid of Prussia, Mr. M. Ash and Mrs. Robin Montgomerie-Charrington at Harlow Mill restaurant*

ON HOLIDAY : *Mr. Selwyn Lloyd (below), the Foreign Secretary, on the Costa Brava*

Branguli



ON DUTY : *The C.I.G.S., Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer presented a new guidon (pennant) to the 12th Royal Lancers in Germany*

ON HOLIDAY : *Mrs. Maria Von Braun, back in Germany with her children. Her husband, Werner, who pioneered the V2, now heads U.S. rocket research*





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DINING IN

Jasmine tea and tortoise meat

by HELEN BURKE

SOME YEARS before World War Two, I was, I believe, the first in this country to cook and serve a packet of quick-frozen raspberries. Both were good but, frankly, they aroused no particular enthusiasm. They were merely "novelties." Certainly, at that time, no one—not even the most optimistic in the trade—could have foreseen the enormous development of quick-frozen foods, both raw and pre-cooked, which has taken place in recent years.

At Olympia, at this year's Food Fair, sponsored by the *Daily Express*, more quick-frozen foods were exhibited for the first time in London. From the United States came frozen pre-cooked creamed chicken, whole barbecue chicken, chicken breasts *à la Kiev* and turkey pies.

But the display which interested me most, perhaps, was that from China. For quite a time now, we have had many Chinese products from Hong Kong, but these arrivals were from the mainland. They ranged from canned and frozen Peking duck to Jasmine tea and tortoise meat.

It was a little disconcerting for folk like myself who have been accustomed to good Chinese food to find, from China, canned boneless chicken, eel in tomato sauce and pork liver paste, frozen hare meat, lobster, prawns and roasted chicken, and smoked blue fish.

There is much more to Chinese food than meets the eye—or the palate.

I sampled a number of the dishes. Peking duck, coated with aspic, seemed not at all Chinese. The meat was a little darker and closer, perhaps, than that of our own Aylesbury duck, and it was dished up for Western tastes. The surprising thing about these foods, indeed,

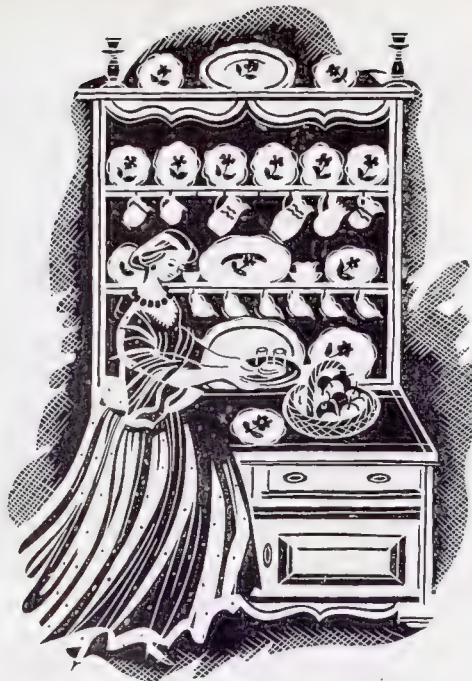
was that they were not so much Chinese as Western. From the frozen lobster tails, for instance, the meat was removed and dressed with mayonnaise. The shell was filled with a delicious mixture of vegetables and mayonnaise—entirely Western, and something of a shock.

Some of the basic flavourings of Chinese dishes were explained in an interesting booklet. "Vei-Su or taste powder," for example, is a white powder made from an extract of wheat flour. This is monosodium glutamate, which many of our British food manufacturers use to enhance the flavour of their products. For some years now, it has been available in this country under the names of "Stress" and, later, "Accent."

Soya sauce, which is a flavouring chiefly used instead of salt, is a dark brown liquid made from fermented soya beans and flour. The young tender roots of fresh ginger give a delicate flavour to food. Dried ginger may be substituted for them, but it is much sharper so less must be used.

Rice wine is a clear yellow liquid for which dry sherry can "stand in."

Here is a Chinese dish I like. It is made from large Pacific prawns (obtainable from many fish-mongers): Shell them, remove the dark intestinal lines and split them in halves, lengthwise. Place each half on a very thin piece of pork fat of the same length but a little wider. For 4 prawns, have ready a tablespoon of cornflour blended with a tablespoon of dry sherry. Dip each portion in this mixture, set aside until required, then fry in hot teaced, sesame or arachide (peanut) oil until crisp. The prawns and pork fat can first be secured with wooden cocktail sticks but, strangely enough, this is not essential.



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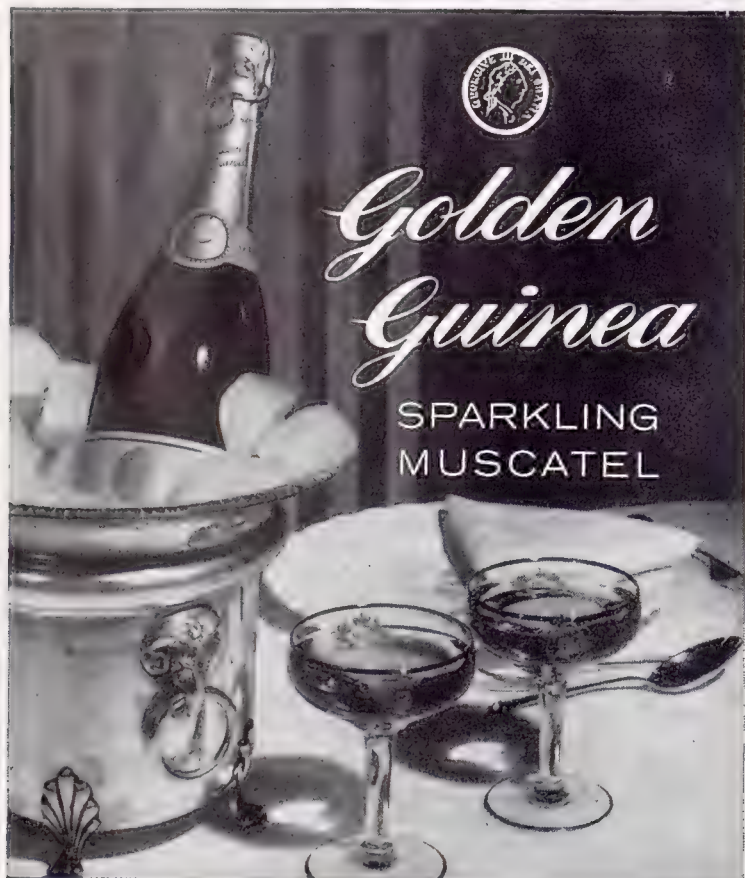
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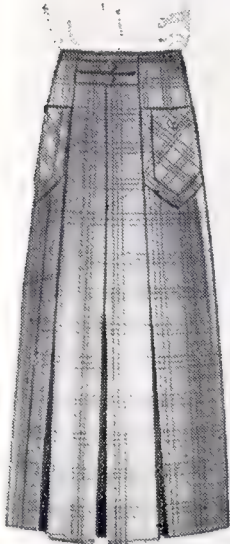
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women's shop

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Colourful cashmeres with a new and deliciously smudgy touch of black make news this autumn. Here, from Ballantyne's lavish collection in the women's shop, is a trio of dusky charmers. Round-collared cardigan, 34-42, £8 15s 0d. Classic twinset, 34-42, £11 7s 6d. Golfer 34-42, £6 10s 0d. All in a choice of charcoal and holly red, brown, tobacco or pheasant blue. Daks skirts from the women's shop too.

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd London W1. Regent 2002



trying to cause a sensation is ill-timed and irresponsible," asserts Frederick Starke, who makes some of the most highly fashioned clothes to be found in our shops. Mrs. Bruh, who runs the fashion salon of the firm of Frank Usher, complains bitterly of irresponsible reporting: "I had orders running into thousands of pounds thrown back on my hands when store buyers read in the papers that the sack was out, waists in the natural place, and the hemline down." No wonder when the buyers themselves stampede, the woman who wants to be fashionable is perplexed.

Having in the last few weeks sat through all the top collections in Paris I can assure you that fashion has undergone no violent change since the spring. Logical evolutions have taken place. The sack has become modified, but it is still with us in many variations. The waistline (when there is one) has risen — as of course it was bound to—in sympathy with the hemline. Belts are often enormous, and when they are it is inevitable that some part of them should hit nature's waistline. But don't be fooled for a moment by reports that Balenciaga has put the waist inexorably back in its proper place. He hasn't.

To steady the nerves of her customers from the Provinces who cannot afford to go to Paris and see for themselves, Mrs. Bruh makes a mid-season collection of 20 dead-copies of models she has seen in Paris and Italy. Then her designers get to work on the spring collection which will be in the shops in six months' time, and which will be a variation of this original theme.

"Do you," I inquired, "actually sell these exact copies?"

"Certainly. The approach to fashion has undergone a violent change in England in the last few years. You can sell the most extreme lines from Paris in Leeds, Manchester and Bradford without any trouble."

Frederick Starke agrees. He gets his inspiration from the Paris houses of Balenciaga, Givenchy, Lanvin-Castillo and Cardin, all of which make highly sophisticated rather than pretty clothes—clothes that you would expect a Latin rather than an Englishwoman to wear. Starke has a flourishing business in wholesale high fashion and finds he does not have to compromise with bread-and-butter numbers. He blames shoddy manufacture for the slating that the new fashions often receive. It is understandably galling for manufacturers who spend thousands of pounds a year to attend the Paris collections, and buy original models so that they can reproduce them with the correct cut, to see the cheap pirated misshapen imitations that are mass-produced.

Mr. Newman of Rima, a house with a great reputation for elegance, finds that the most difficult thing in the top wholesale trade is to reproduce the "architecture" of a *couture* dress which has an unaccustomed, complicated line. Obviously a £250 dress that has to be reproduced for £10 and still look a good shadow of its former self must undergo some skilled substitution.

One of the grievous faults made by our less skilled manufacturers is the translation of a model into a material to which it is unsuited. That unfortunate "baby-doll" dress in the Dior spring collection! Made originally in a superfine worsted and worn over a canny foundation of specially designed petticoats, it has since appeared in every conceivable fabric from cheap cotton to furnishing velvet and imitation linen. The original as worn by Princess Soraya and the Duchess of Argyll was one thing; the £3 19s. 6d. wrongly-cut travesty as worn by a petticoatless City typist in a flowered cretonne was another. Small wonder that new fashions get a bad name!

[Continued on page 587]



S P I K E S *and chisels!*

SHOES FROM PARIS

Michel Molinare



The heels are spikier. The toes are sharper—but instead of a point there's a chisel edge. These long, slender, aristocratic shoes were shown in Paris a few weeks ago by Dior. The satin shoe (right) is in vivid crimson with an exactly matched velvet rose. The silk brocade shoe (left)—woven blue with white—has the chisel-shaped vamp pierced with a diamanté arrow





ROMANTIC ST. LAURENT preserves the Dior reputation for creating exquisite, breathtaking ball gowns. His dress of stiffened white net is cut with this season's tiny, high Empire bodice, daringly *décolleté*. The entire dress is scattered with jewelled brilliants and a diamanté bow accents the neckline

PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHEL MOLINARE (THIS PAGE), ALFREDO DE MOELLI (OPPOSITE)

Line of flight. AUTUMN FASHIONS

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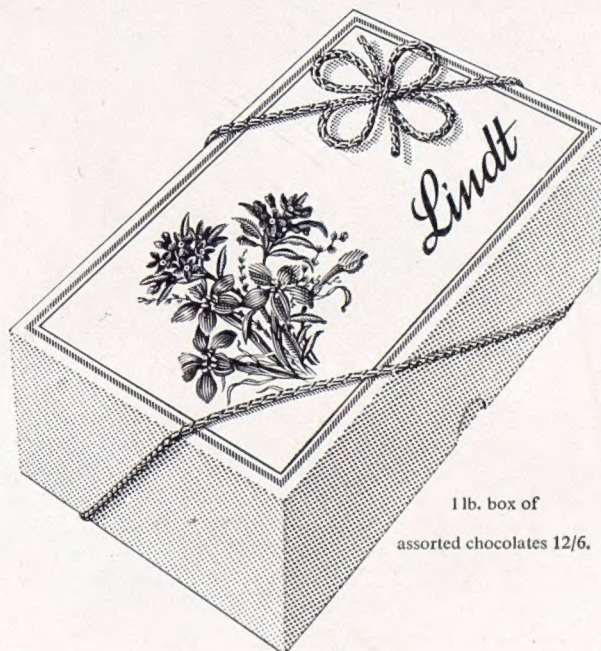
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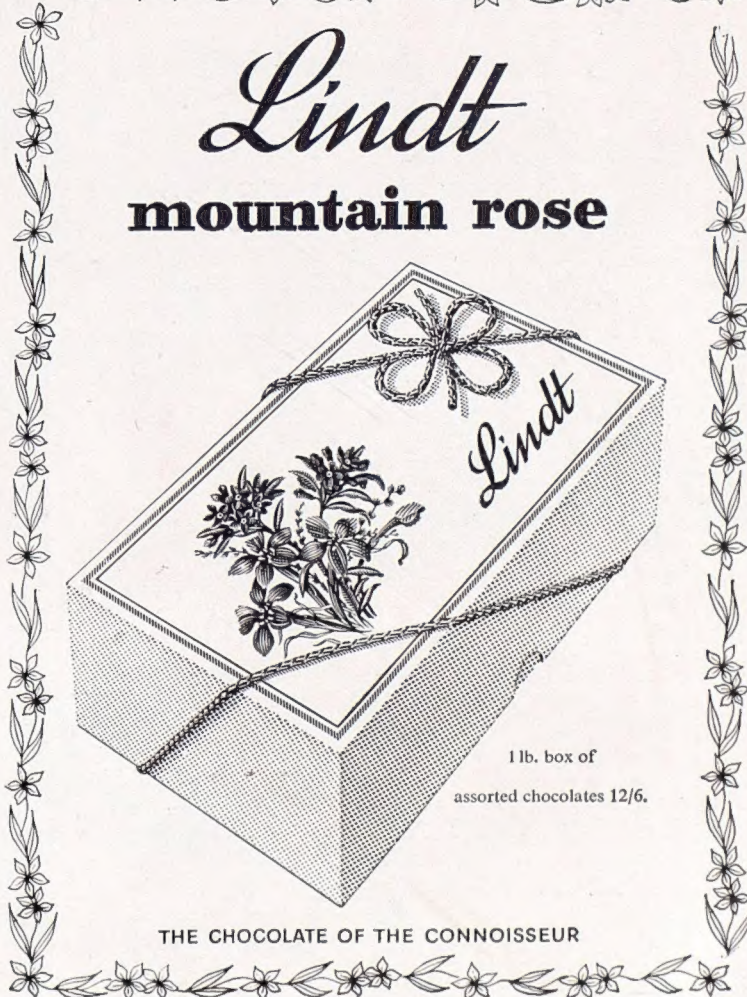


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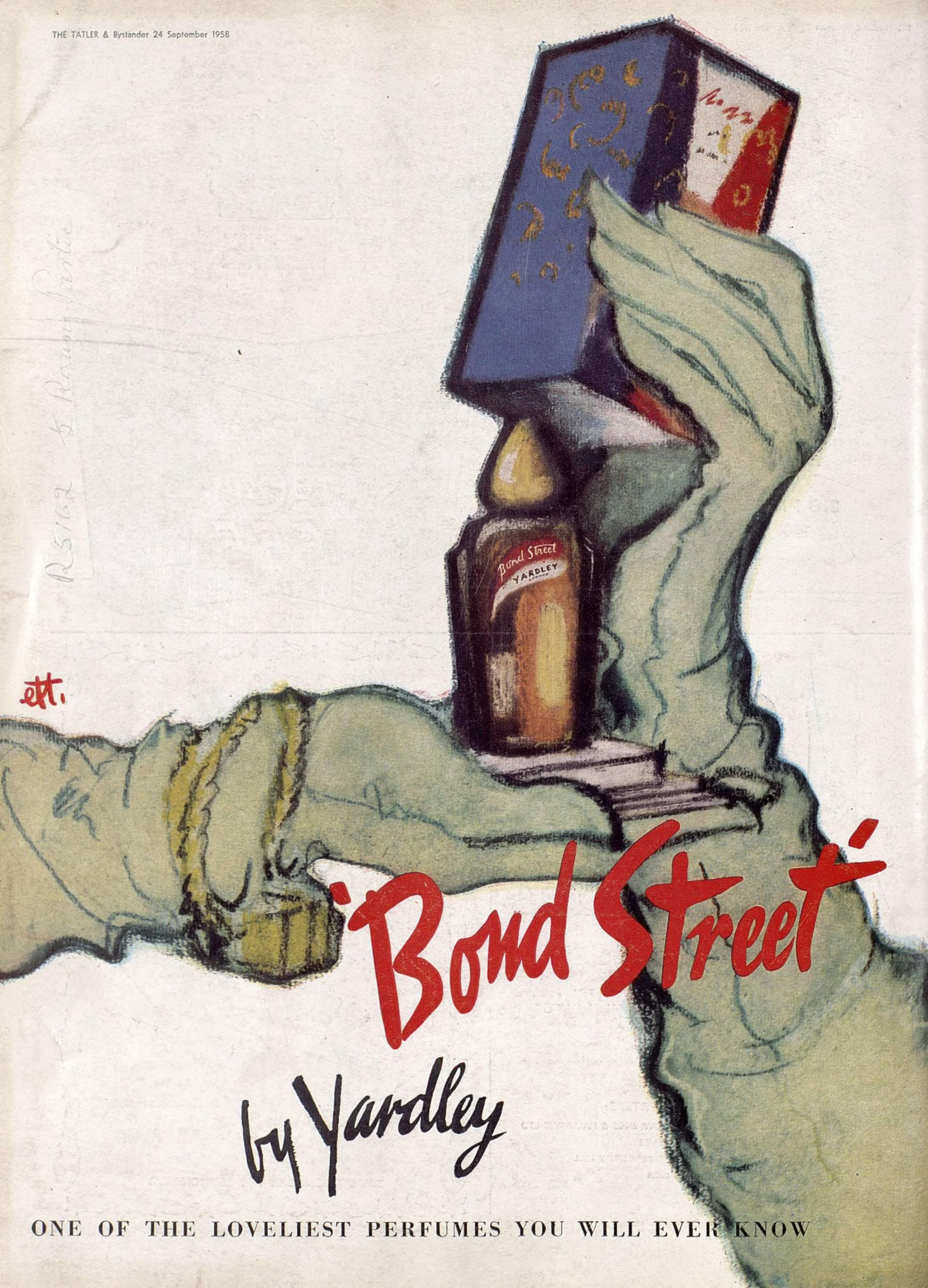
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